THE AGE OF GODEY'S by Gwen Bristow

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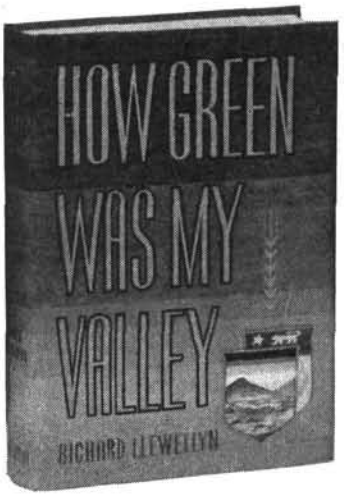

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

By Richard Llewellyn

"A night and a day I have kept my eyes on this book, and it was a glorious experience. When Richard Llewellyn speaks of his valley it is as if the morning stars sang together and the sons of God were shouting for joy over the wonders of creation . . . there I'm quoting the first sentence of my review, cribbed from Mr. Job . . . but it's the Lord's truth that I want to shout my own self. . . . It's a hallelujah of a book, with organs and trumpets and cellos all going at the full."

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The Age of Godey's

BY GWEN BRISTOW

"A Box at the Opera"—*from Godey's Lady's Book*, March, 1841.

THE minor mannerisms of an age illustrate its philosophy as clearly as great events, and there is no account of small affairs more revealing than that kept in the popular magazines. It is enlightening, though not always flattering to the national ego, to read the records of the United States as set down when the nation and the nineteenth century were young together.

The publications of a hundred years or more ago betray first of all that in those days we had a characteristic not yet known by the name of inferiority complex. Though we had won political freedom from the British, we had not acquired cultural self-confidence. Our country was new, our national ideals unproved, and our sensitiveness to transatlantic criticism so great that in 1832 *The Ladies' Magazine* of Boston exclaimed wrathfully, "This homage to English judgment is more humiliating than the tea tax!"

Knowing our timidity, how the British were patronizing us! In 1832, *The Monthly Museum,* published in London, reminded what it called the "British fair" that persons of Christian principles and good manners should not look down with contempt on those less privileged than themselves, but should be polite even to "the intrepid or unpolished warrior of the banks of the Ohio or the Mississippi." In its review of "A New England Tale," by Catherine Sedgwick, published in London in 1822 after having been through two American editions, this magazine remarked:

> Few publications indeed, of any description, have appeared on the other side of the Atlantic which would excite sufficient interest in the breasts of Europeans to admit of their being reprinted with advantage. . . . The volume before us is from the pen of a lady. . . . The fair authoress has occasionally imitated some of our most celebrated novelists, and as might have been expected, not very successfully.

Americans had been rather meekly resenting this sort of comment for years, but when Mrs. Frances Milton Trollope came to this country and went home to publish "Domestic Manners of the Americans," the United States became furiously articulate. "English and Scotch writers, many of whom are doubtless paid for abusing our institutions, and none of whom understand our situation or character," formed the subject of an angry attack by a writer signing herself "Diana S." in *The Ladies Magazine,* and this was only one of many. However, it is only fair to say that not all British readers approved of Mrs. Trollope; the *London Court Magazine* in its review of her book said:

> From this superciliousness at the qualities and accomplishments and behavior of others, one might be led to expect an extravagant degree of refinement in Mrs. T., but of this she makes no display in her writings,

and the English *New Monthly* dismissed the book with the single line, "Mrs. Trollope is a trollop."

Increasing size and prosperity operated to make us more saucy, and a decade later Eliza Leslie, in *Godey's Lady's Book,* excused Mrs. Trollope by saying,

> She was much soured by . . . her not being received into the best society . . . [She represented] the habits of the people whom *she* chanced to know as the habits that prevail throughout America.

That this was a widespread opinion is suggested by the action of one American publisher, also described in *Godey's,* who issued the book under the title of "Manners of the American Domestics."

Godey's was patriotic from its beginning. When in 1841 the English tourist J. S. Buckingham published a condescending book called "America: Historical, Statistical and Descriptive," it was greeted in the literary columns of *Godey's* with the cool observation:

> Mr. Buckingham, like others of his countrymen who have visited the United States on a bookmaking expedition, brought with him a larger amount of reputation for ability and integrity than he carried away.

When we left off bothering about the British long enough to attend to our own affairs, we recorded that in the early years of the nineteenth century we were lugubriously pious, enterprising in behavior and conservative in manners, and the worst snobs in the world. The rules of conduct written by Hannah J. Packard, aged sixteen, received high praise in the magazines when they were published in 1831 by Leonard C. Bowles of Boston. The rules begin:

> I must daily think of death in every place, and under every circumstance, to accustom myself to the idea.

What we would now call blue Sundays were taken for granted, but religious strictness went much further than that. The argument about whether or not Sunday Schools were permissible had by no means died down in the early eighteen-hundreds. The basis of the Sunday School con-

Next Week

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION
By HERMANN RAUSCHNING
Reviewed by Toni Stolper

THE WABASH
By WILLIAM E. WILSON
Reviewed by Richard Cordell

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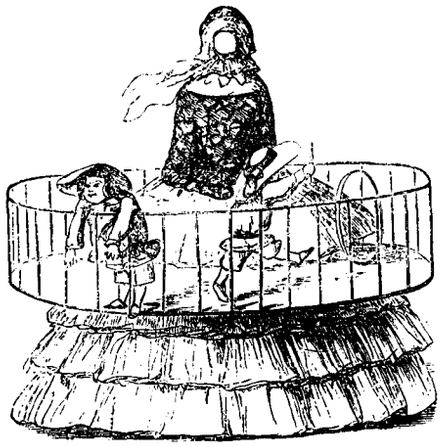
troversy was that originally these schools were not organized to teach religion, but to provide secular instruction for boys and girls who worked six days a week and consequently had no chance to learn to read even in the infrequent towns boasting free weekday schools. Numerous ministers and deacons published denunciations of those who wished to profane the Sabbath by undertaking the labor of teaching. Sunday Schools made their way because their advocates urged that gathering the children into the churches on Sunday afternoons kept them off the streets, and by their using the Bible as a textbook, but as late as the 1830s the liberal magazines still gave space to articles explaining the good purpose of the Sunday Schools.

The sinfulness of fashion plates was another subject occupying many columns. *Godey's* carried fashion plates from its first issue in 1830, but not without protest from an influential section of the public. Thirteen years later this opposition was still strong enough to justify *Godey's* publishing a story by T. S. Arthur, called "Following the Fashions," which begins as follows:

> "What is this?" asked Henry Grove of his sister Mary, lifting, as he spoke, a print from the centertable.
> "A fashion plate," was the quiet reply.
> "A fashion plate? What in the name of wonder are you doing with a fashion plate?"
> "To see what the fashions are."
> "And what then?"
> "To follow them, of course."
> "Mary, is it possible you are so weak? I thought better of my sister. . . . I hold it to be morally wrong to follow the fashions."

Mary protests, but a few evenings later when the brother and sister call on some elderly relatives, Henry asks Aunt Abigail to speak to Mary about this immoral tendency of hers to follow the fashions. Aunt Abigail readily reproves her: "It is following after the vanities of this life. The apostle tells us not to be conformed to this world."

Mary finally wins the argument by bringing an old costume of her grandfather's from the attic and asking her brother and uncle how it happens that their clothes are made differently, unless they are following the fashions; and she calls attention to the fact that even Aunt Abigail is wearing a cap unlike those she used to wear, thus demonstrating that even idealistic folk followed the fashions without endangering their morals. The author of this story later wrote



Every lady her own perambulator. Cartoon from *Harper's Monthly*, October 1856.

"Ten Nights in a Barroom." His works were widely read, and when such a leader of propriety announced that following the fashions was not sinful his opinion was bound to have influence.

However, one can hardly find fault with some objections to the styles of the day. It was a flamboyant period, in which one writer urged as a standard to be adopted by social leaders: "No lady shall wear more than seven distinct colors in her dress at the same time."

Another fault that must have been extremely prevalent among us a hundred years ago, if one can judge by the frequency with which it was reproved, is snobbery to a ridiculous degree. Having established a civilization without social distinctions, we immediately began to create them. The standard book of etiquette in the thirties was "The Young Lady's Friend," by Mrs. John Farrar, who felt herself obliged to give her readers such admonitions as this:

> Nothing can be meaner than the false pride exhibited by some girls towards the ladies who give them lessons. Some have even been known to pass their instructresses in the street without acknowledging the acquaintance even by a passing bow. . . . Now all this is wrong, entirely wrong.

In *Godey's* for January, 1841, is a story by Mary Hale, beginning as follows:

> "Julia, who was that ordinary looking creature with you today?" . . .
> "She was a poor Irishwoman who, being a stranger in town, had lost her way and applied to me to set her right. As I was going in the same direction I offered to show her the street she was seeking." . . .
> "Well, how you can disgrace yourself in such a manner I cannot understand!"

There follows a little lecture on "false pride," but that the readers of *Godey's* needed more than one such lecture is suggested by another story published in June of the same year in which one finds this gem of dialogue:

> "Caroline Murry! Why, brother! what were you doing in her company?" and Anna's face expressed unfeigned astonishment. . . .
> "What is the matter?" . . .
> "Caroline Murry is not genteel. . . . People of the first rank won't associate with her." . . .
> "I hope she has not been guilty of improper or immoral conduct." . . .
> "Oh no. . . . But I am told that she has even been seen at the chamber windows, facing on the public street, with her head tied up, sweeping and making the beds! And Clarissa Spiggler says that she saw her once, with the parlor windows open, sweeping and dusting like a servant!"

This story ends with the brother's deciding that the girl who was so fond of housework would make a good wife, though the "tinseled beauties" of the community did not consider her taste genteel. The moral is sternly pointed.

This admiration for elegant inactivity was rebuked, laughed at, and satirized for decades, and though the worst absurdities of the 1840s were generally improved upon, the magazines continued to reflect lofty ideals of formality for ladies and gentlemen alike. Education was so attenuated by elegance that much of it was of little good to anybody. As a contemporary rhymester summarized the popular curriculum, it consisted of

> The languages, especially the dead,
> The sciences, especially the abstruse,
> The arts, at least all such as could be said
> To be the most remote from common use.

The items of what they called "female education" provoked even more amusement. In the 1850s it was said that girls' education consisted of "music, moonlight, love and flowers," and there were numerous protests against the fashionable academies where the pupils learned nothing. In a short story by Fitz-James O'Brien published in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1855, a girl is asked about the curriculum at "Madame Cancan's," the school from which she has just graduated.

> "Well," she answered, musingly, and counting on her fingers, "I learned French, and music, and the use of the globes, and all the fash-

(*Continued on page* 15)

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"An Age of Goodness I Knew"

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY. By Richard Llewellyn. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 494 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

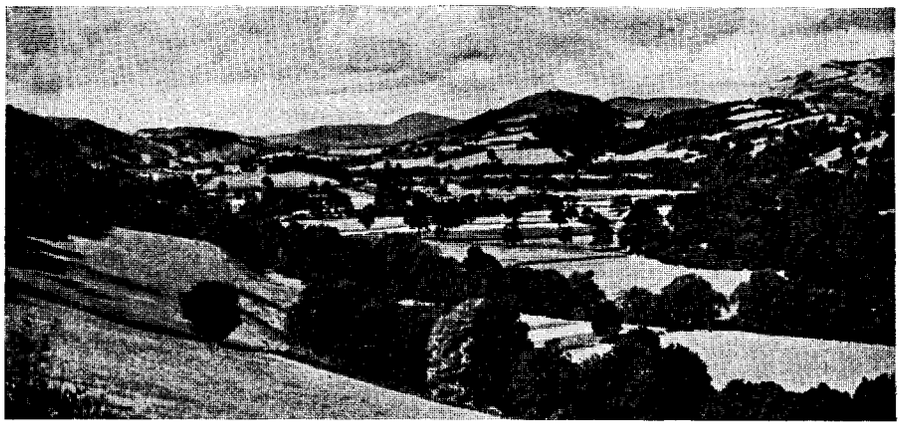
THIS full-bodied, full-flavored novel is romantic and frankly sentimental, but its romanticism embraces much earthly realism and its sentimentality has bone and muscle with which to make itself respected. In the singing rhythms of Welsh speech Huw Morgan tells the story of himself and his family and his coal mining village, as this tale was lived during some three decades that ended thirty-odd years ago. He speaks as a man of sixty or so, looking back upon his childhood, youth, and early manhood, and, whatever turnings the tale may take—whether they lead through scenes of beauty or ugliness or homely well-being—those Welsh rhythms always sing one nostalgic song: The old times were best, and they are gone forever. "An age of goodness I knew, and badness too, mind, but more of good than bad, I will swear. At least we knew good food, and good work, and goodness in men and women. . . . How green was my Valley, then, and the Valley of them that have gone."

There was badness, yes, but it grew only with the growing badness of new times—mounted with the heaps of slag that rose and spread like lava to blacken the green of the valleys. When Huw's father and mother were married, the slag had not yet shown itself above ground. There was steady work for all in the collieries, and the good pay was in jingling sovereigns. When the Saturday whistle went, the women put stools outside their doors and sat waiting for the men to come up the hill, and the men came and threw their wages, sovereign by sovereign, into the laps of the women. "My mother often had forty of them, with my father and five brothers working. And up and down the street you would hear them singing and laughing and in among it all the pelting jingle of gold. A good day was Saturday, then, indeed." The tin box on the mantelpiece was always heavy. There were a dozen hams in the kitchen, and hens in the yard. The folk of the Valley worked hard and lived well. Physically satisfied, they found spiritual satisfaction at Chapel. They walked in the fear of God, but not too fearfully; cleanliness was almost a second religion, and fair-dealing a faith. Reason for happiness in one family was enough to make all celebrate—sorrow was communal. They were glad and proud to be Welsh, and England was a foreign country far away.

Then came a time when wages were cut and a new order of things began. Huw's father, Gwilym Morgan, who was a leader in the Valley, put his trust in reasonable argument; but argument failed, and the men struck tentatively, doubtfully, without organization. They won the strike, but their wages were lower than before. That was only the beginning. Other strikes were ahead, and increasing bitterness. Davy and Owen worked hard to build the union, but they were struggling against forces that bore them down with the years. The closing of a single pit left four hundred men idle. Times grew ever blacker as the slag rose. Strangers appeared in the Valley, with the names of Marx and Hegel on their tongues—they found hearers, and a new spirit possessed the men. And to those like Huw Morgan it was a great pain to know that the brave ideas, "and the brave ones of early days, had all been forgotten in a craziness of thought that made more of the notions of foreigners than the principles of Our Fathers." The alien notions prevailed, and at last there was war in the Valley. But that came after the Morgan sons had been scattered abroad, and Gwilym himself did not live to see much of it. Fighting to the end against forces he believed to be evil, he died in the earth where he had worked so long, and his death was the crown of his living.

At the heart of this Valley history are the Morgans and those with whom their lives were most closely linked, and at the very center is Huw, through whose words past things live on. Around the growing boy the web of drama, domestic comedy, and tragedy is spun; and with his growth, and his increasing understanding of life, this web becomes increasingly complex. The strands of the tale are many and various, deftly and honestly interwoven, and each gives strength and substance to the whole. Life's poetry and prose are both embraced by a way of thinking and feeling and by a writing style that are capable of compassing both. The texture of the narrative is enriched by a wealth of detail—thought, felt, and observed. No message of the senses is too trivial to be undeserving of a worthy record, and so the author has time for such things as the taste of brandy broth, the smell of tweed, and the feel of good wood when worked by sharp tools. A little passage on the art of tickling trout is no more scamped in the writing than is a longer passage on the significance of kissing or the lyric description of Huw's finding manhood with Ceinwen. Every one of the many characters who people this book crosses the threshold of reality, and, best of all, the pull of the story is like the pull of a strong tide, with the difference that we have no wish or need to resist it.

Doubtless it will be argued that the novelist has exaggerated the greenness of Huw's Valley, as he knew it as a boy and as his father knew it before him; that Huw, looking back through a sentimental mist of memory, has ignored the blackness that was already there. Nor do I doubt that statistics and documents in plenty can be mustered to support the argument. But the novel, as novel, will still stand sturdily against any such onset. Dissenting opinions will be written, too, by those critics who must be fashionable at all costs—for "How Green Was My Valley" lies outside the range of "significant fiction" as that range is delimited by present critical fashion. But it belongs to a line and a tradition that have outlasted more than one fashion. In the many-mansioned house of literature there is place for the Llewellyns as well as for the Steinbecks, and literature will be the poorer if there ever comes a time when there is not.



The Valley of the Dee. From "The Land of Wales" by Eiluned and Peter Lewis (Scribners).

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A Major Crisis of Civilization

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. By Karl Brandi. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 655 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

WHEN Charles of Hapsburg was born at Ghent in 1500, the Middle Ages were drawing to a close. But at the Burgundian court, where Charles passed his youth amid the splendor of the Indian summer of feudal chivalry, there was no one to foretell the approaching tempests soon to sweep Europe, soon to tumble the ruins of the old faith and unity, the old self-satisfied parochialism and semi-isolation about men's startled ears. Charles was fated to be the last Holy Roman Emperor worthy of that universal name at a time when Europe definitely turned its back on the amorphous homogeneity of the past to split up into warring nations and hostile churches; he was fated to be the guardian of European unity, of the established order and the ancient faith in an age as full of change and struggle as our own, an age of bitter ideological strife, cutting across boundaries and dissolving old allegiances, an age of naked power politics, cynically indifferent to treaty obligations, brutally trampling on sanctions the past had held sacred, an age of new and terrible forms of warfare, and, above all, of rapid, mysterious, disturbing economic change. In the confidence of youth Charles took for his device the pillars of Hercules with the daring motto *Plus ultra;* he should have taken Hercules himself overburdened with the task of Atlas. All his life he struggled to hold up a falling world.

Yet he hardly seemed fitted for so heroic a task. The heir in his cradle of more lands than any European dynast ever inherited before or since—the rich cluster of Burgundy's duchies and counties from the North Sea to the Alps, the German territories of the Hapsburgs, Ferdinand and Isabella's newly united Spain with its Italian conquests and its vague overseas possessions in the Americas—he was given, nevertheless, the narrow education of an old-fashioned Burgundian nobleman, complete with a full set of feudal prejudices and a comprehensive ignorance of almost everything else. His physique was unimpressive, his health was far from rugged, and his intellect was certainly no more than mediocre. Thus slenderly equipped he came into his full inheritance at twenty and had, thereafter, to concern himself with Mexico and Peru and the Indies, with Poland, Hungary, and the Baltic, as well as with the intricate meshes of major European diplomacy and the internal government of his many realms. He had to defend Germany and the Mediterranean against the Turks, and all his frontiers against the French, fight heresy and schism at home and abroad, and sometimes fight the pope at the same time, try to make modern states out of his medieval domains, and be always alert against revolt among his subjects who, princes, burghers, and peasants, were all stirred by the obscure ferment of the times, the painful passage from one stage of society to the next. Thus burdened, and condemned, moreover, by circumstance and temperament to fight a life-long rearguard action against the inexorable advance of history, one would expect the backward, hesitant Hapsburg prince to cut a sorry figure in opposition to such brilliant children of the Renaissance as Henry VIII, Francis I, Guilio de Medici, or Soliman the Magnificent, and to pale into insignificance beside such geniuses of revolution as Martin Luther or John Calvin. In fact, the emperor held his own against the lot of them, and he commands our admiration as often as any of his formidable adversaries. Charles V may stand as the type of the ordinary, ungifted mediocrity who, from the very magnitude of the burden he determines to bear, draws the strength and stature of a hero.

Charles V at 32—portrait by Christoph Amberger.

Any biography of Charles V which tries to tell the full story of the man's growth is thus unextricably involved with the whole history of Western civilization in a major crisis. The problems such a biography presents might daunt a giant. Materials for it include thousands of printed books in seven or eight languages and many thousands more of unpublished documents in various deposits; to understand and interpret this material requires a firm grasp of almost every aspect of Europe during more than half a century of complex development. No wonder that, in spite of the fascination of the subject, it has never been treated with real success until now. Fortunately Professor Karl Brandi of the University of Göttingen has been spared to crown a long lifetime of strenuous study with the book to which his studies have always looked forward. One wonders whether there has ever been before, or will ever be again, a work of this scope so firmly based on original, unpublished sources. Sometimes a single paragraph is supported by phrases from documents at Vienna, Turin, and Simancas, all held firmly together by an Olympian command of the perspective of history. It is tempting, but idle, to speak of this book as a monument of the best type of German scholarship. Its scholarship, like its viewpoint, transcends national boundaries. Except for a few phrases, it might have been written by a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Dutchman, or a Dane. But it could only have been written by an intellectual athlete trained in that tradition of patient, clear-eyed devotion to objective truth which is the best thing Europe has given to the world.

Two years ago this reviewer fine-combed the German edition, looking for errors of fact. He found none worth mentioning. On rereading, the enormous labor of the scholarship and its meticulous accuracy seem less striking than its unobtrusiveness and the literary art with which a vast mass of information has been condensed and marshaled to serve the central theme. This is a political biography. Charles as a human being is considered only so far as the human being influenced the decisions of the statesman. To recapture the atmosphere of Charles's mind the biographer has gone far afield, to portraits, to architecture, to old books of chivalry and court ceremonial, to the light literature of the period. But since Charles's policies were rarely much affected by his personal relationships, the few tidbits of scandalous gossip about him are barely glanced at. In these pages Charles is drawn with something of the coldness and formality of court portraiture; the touch suits the character. For personalities and tittle-tattle there are other biographies. But there is no other which analyzes so well the forces within and without the man which influenced his actions, none which conveys so vivid a sense of the issues in which he became entangled, or raises, by sheer

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intellectual power, the story of his struggle to such dramatic intensity.

The American edition has the same excellent illustrations as the German. One could wish for a more perfect translation. Much of the readability of the original, much of its movement and clarity and impartial justice have been preserved. Some loss of terseness and vigor was to be expected. But precise shades of meaning and emphasis have been sacrificed too often, and sometimes mistranslation has produced errors of fact, one or two of them laughably obvious. A map would have been helpful to most readers, and a volume which will be a standard work of reference should have a fuller and more accurate index. But these are minor flaws in a welcome edition of a great book.

Mr. Mattingly has in preparation a biography of Catherine of Aragon.

A Novel of the British Theater

THE DARK STAR. By March Cost. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 428 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

MISS COST'S singularly luxuriant novel comes with a belt of approval around its middle. Miss Helen Hayes, surely an authority in such matters, resolutely advances the argument that it is "an absolutely true picture" of the theatrical profession. Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, whose accomplishments both on stage and page are so delightful, is firm in her assurance that here we have "a fine and moving work—a great novel of the theater." Perhaps one should bow before such experts. Or perhaps these charming ladies are merely talking through their very best hats.

It may be that the theater in London is truly reflected by these swooning pages. Possibly there, in this century, which Miss Cost discovers to be complete with telephones, steam vessels, and even airships, a producer who offers "The Hellenes" in darkness virtually complete so proves himself twenty years in advance of his time, his time being by actual count somewhere in the late twenties or early thirties. Possibly young women rush up to fame, overnight, by taking over the role of Viola in "Twelfth Night" and the newspapers appear the next day with "such headlines as: Young Actress Causes Sensation. Rapturous Applause for Understudy."

It may be so, Miss Hayes. You should know, Miss Skinner. A reviewer can only hope against hope that life in the theater, where art is peculiarly long and its road rigorous, does not have a reality so identical with the dream of some stage-struck maiden in dramatic summer school. This picture of the theatrical life sounds to me like moony nonsense, certainly; sounds like something which might be imagined as happening in the theater of a hundred and fifty years ago, and imagined incorrectly; sounds mystical and strange. But authority speaks otherwise. And both Miss Hayes and Miss Skinner are so almost always right. There was, of course, a little matter of a play called "Ladies and Gentlemen," Miss Hayes. But I said "almost."

Curiously enough, however, Miss Cost is not writing primarily about stage life. It is the background to her mystic tale. The story itself is romantically concerned with Loring and Fanny Wreath, a waif whom he prepared for the stage he ornamented, and their uneasy love affair. Loring believes that actresses, who must be called actors, should not marry, and Fanny is given to swoons in which she remembers how they played together in the theater of Greece, and through the ages since, and previews the future, which isn't any too rosy. And after her swoon she flits from a nursing home where she is, a little understandably, confined and goes off to meet Loring, who is coming back by ship from a kind of migratory Keeley cure. Ah, well.

There is much mystic talk of reincarnation in the novel and numerous slightly breathless descriptions of nature. The British soul, so popular nowadays with novelists, is scrupulously searched. Its contents are mauve in color, and in texture rather spongy.

Veteran's Rebirth

ON A DARKLING PLAIN. By Wallace Stegner. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 231 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THE virtues of Mr. Stegner's first novel, "Remembering Laughter," which were sufficient to win for it a substantial prize in a wide competition, are present in his second novel. "On a Darkling Plain" is properly brief for the story it tells; its crispness and simplicity, its lack of frills and bravura passages point perhaps to the author's apprenticeship as a writer of short stories for such exacting periodicals as the *Midland*. The scene of the story is the treeless, flat, windswept plain of Manitoba, a "Lear"-like setting for the tempestuous drama of Edwin Vickers's endeavor to ascertain whether it is he or the world that is mad.

Wallace Stegner

"On a Darkling Plain" is not a beefy Western story or a twentieth-century "Robinson Crusoe," although the author might have made it either. After Edwin is wounded at Vimy and gassed at Ypres, he is discharged from the army and returns to Canada. Physically and mentally ill, cynical and misanthropic, he shuns the tailored elegance of his parental home in Vancouver and the smothering fussiness of an anxious mother, and preëmpts a homestead miles from any other human being. No Thoreau or Crusoe, he has plenty of money to secure proper food and shelter, and such refinements as tobacco and books as well. The shattering experience of the war has deepened his distrust of society, and sick in spirit, he wants to detach himself, look into the dark corners of his soul, and at least try to find out where he belongs, and live honestly with himself. The gloomy rhythms of Arnold's "Dover Beach" beat in his mind until he firmly believes that we *are* on a darkling plain, ignorantly clashing with both foe and friend. That way madness lies, but Vickers is pulled back from the brink by love and grief and the opportunity to help others; and when the book ends, he casts off his Hamlet's cloak of bitter melancholy and finds a job worth doing.

This all sounds very familiar and somewhat pretentious, but Stegner manages to use these shopworn materials of fiction with an integrity and sincerity that compensate for any lack of originality. The story begins in a leisurely manner, but gathers momentum as it advances, and comes to an exciting end as the devouring plague of influenza, that devastating epidemic of 1918, reaches the isolated and desolate plains of Manitoba. To the fierce battles between the invading pestilence and the Canadian farmers and country doctors, Stegner gives the grand epic sweep.

"On a Darkling Plain" occasionally just misses skidding into bathos, and, as in "Remembering Laughter," there is some indefiniteness in the outline of the principal characters; but minor characters, especially the kind-hearted physician and the taciturn Danish farmer, are firmly drawn.

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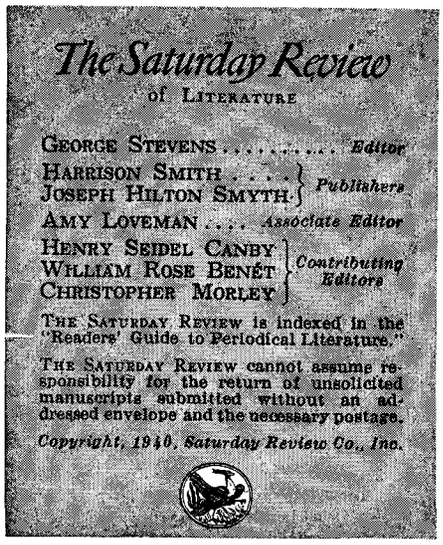
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Developments on the Air

THERE has recently appeared an anthology which fills a special need of that respectful portion of the armchair public which would preserve in print the outstanding contributions of the microphone from an otherwise swift oblivion. Following the pattern of Burns Mantle in his annual collection of best plays, the author of "Best Broadcasts of 1938-39,"* Max Wylie, has set down, out of a survey of some six thousand scripts, the thirty-two "best" radio programs presented for the eighteen months beginning January 1, 1938.

The selections are varied enough to suit every taste, ranging from Fred Allen's sly spoofing of the American scene to Archibald MacLeish's stirring verse drama, "Air Raid," written expressly for radio. News, horror, romance, melodrama, English literature, children's shows, discussion—everything, indeed, but the notes of Tin Pan Alley and Tschaikowsky are reprinted exactly as they were broadcast, and in the cases of those programs bearing the gilded label of sponsorship including even the announcers' raucous commercial references. Yet there is a signal omission. No space has been reserved for the classification of the pulpy but profitable serials which all but monopolize the daytime hours of the networks.

The author, who is director of script and continuity for CBS, appears to have plucked his plums not only from the standpoint of taste but from the appeal they make to the intelligence. He has culled from the boundless orchards of radio several samples of what the broadcasters are accomplishing educationally as well as representations of the nation's efforts to solve the social and economic problems of the day. His sturdy compilation suggests that the broadcasters, despite their too-ready emphasis in their commercial moments upon pleasing the fourteen-year-old mentality, upon the bleat of ballyhoo and that sure-fire type of hokumapo which features a comic, a dance band, and a crooner or two, are gradually achieving a welcome condition of well-rounded appeal to the mind and the heart as well as to the eardrums and the toes.

There is growing evidence that the multitudes, if not over-discriminating in their listening, are at least more eager for information. In satisfying this demand the broadcasters now have one rigid rule. Information must be served up as entertainment. Programs must be liberally coated with sugar and spice—must, in short, be a show if the listener's attention is to be held.

Especially creditable is the broadcasters' progress when one considers the high pressure which stalks them at every turn, from groups and individuals, the constant fear of governmental reprisal and of the public's swift exercise of its own censorship—the turn of the switch. They must keep ceaselessly to the ideal of public service, while conducting a brisk over-the-counter business. They must be creative artists as well as alert and persuasive showmen. At times they attain brilliance in their endeavors, as when they attract the talents of a MacLeish or a Maxwell Anderson or a William Saroyan, as when they discover and develop the vivid sense for microphone drama of an Arch Obeler or a Norman Corwin or a Milton Geiger. They produce the work of most enduring value when their time hangs heavy and unsold on their hands, when, sensing afar the prod of those earnest folk who would make democracy work more efficiently, they dramatize in song and story the problems and aspirations of the American people.

It is significant that the chief progress in program-making in the last few years has been effected by the radio men in coöperation with educators and government departments. Gone is the old formula of the deadly dull interview between an announcer and the head of some seat of learning or government agency. In its place has come a series of shows, dramatic programs written by dramatists, peopled with authentic characters, and conveying emotional suspense.

Responsible chiefly for the change are John W. Studebaker, Commissioner of Education; Shannon Allen, of the Department of the Interior, and Morse Salisbury, of the Department of Agriculture. Notable in the government shows which they have fathered have been such programs as "What Price America," "The World Is Yours," "Let Freedom Ring," "Democracy in Action," "Stories of American Industry." Supplementing these broadcasts have been those devoted to vocational guidance under such titles as "On Your Job," heard regularly over NBC, and "Americans at Work," aired on CBS. Each program is in dramatic form and each drama—to heighten the effect of a show—includes a love story.

"Pursuit of Happiness," a period designed to portray the dynamic character of American ideals and customs, is the newest example of radio's program progress. The period has been widely acclaimed. William Saroyan recently wrote the broadcasters that it illustrates what radio "can and should be." An interesting feature of this program is that while its tone is generally light—stressing the joy of living in America—the material used generally hits a much deeper, more serious tone. Under the direction of Norman Corwin, himself a radio author of lively imagination, much literary material has been used which a few months ago might have been considered impossible for radio. Among this has been a scene from Maxwell Anderson's "Valley Forge"; a dramatization of Edward Everett Hale's "Man without a Country"; a reading by Carl Van Doren from his biography of Benjamin Franklin; a selection from the writings of Thomas Wolfe, done by Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester; excerpts from the letters of Governor Winthrop and his wife of Massachusetts Bay Colony, by Ruth Gordon and Philip Merivale, and a scene from "Of Mice and Men," acted by the movie cast. Immensely popular was a broadcast which included Paul Robeson's singing of a new folk cantata, "Ballad for Americans," by two young, almost unknown, Americans, Earl Robinson, composer, and John La Touche, lyricist.

CBS's "The People's Platform" is a comparatively recent conversation piece in which four people around a dinner table, with Lyman Bryson, as moderator, talk spontaneously about a subject of national importance. No specific plans for America are aimed at, but various points of view are presented which stimulate the listener to discover for himself where he stands.

The American School of the Air, founded in February, 1930, gains wider popularity as wider stress is placed upon entertainment as an educational aid. Heard by an estimated 7,500,000 pupils in 200,000 class rooms, the series is produced and promoted in cooperation with the National Education Association. In the past four months, eleven states are reported to have adopted the program as part of their regular school curriculum.

(*Continued on page* 14)

BEST BROADCASTS OF 1938-39. By Max Wylie. New York: Whittlesey House. 1939. 576 pp. $3.50.

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Letters to the Editor: *"The Novel and the Modern World"*

Mr. Daiches Protests

SIR:—I don't approve of authors who hit back at reviewers, but you must let me reply to some flagrant misrepresentations on the part of the reviewer of "The Novel and the Modern World." After saying some nice things about my book, your reviewer, suspecting that the book has a Marxist tinge, wants to show how Marxism leads to bad criticism. So he finds fault with my essay on Conrad because (although the general nature of the problem is conceded to be stated excellently) my sociological dogmas make me regard Conrad as an "outsider," an "exotic," *and, for this reason, otherwise to be disparaged.* The italicized phrase is your reviewer's, and represents the exact opposite of what I say in the book. I say that Conrad is exotic in the sense that he did what few other writers of his day did, and in that sense only, and I go on to point out that his exoticism is a virtue and not a vice, and that his being an "outsider" is "a tribute to his artistic integrity and the steadfastness of his vision." So that, far from my sociological view leading me to belittle a great novelist, as your reviewer wants to show, it does exactly the opposite. My whole chapter on Conrad is designed to show how and why Conrad is a great novelist although—and even because—he does not deal with typical situations in Western civilization.

Another point. I maintain in my book that the "art for art's sake" view represented a hit-back by the artist at a public who refused to take art seriously. Your reviewer, saying that I am guilty of a "howler," asserts that I maintain that the "art for art's sake" view was invented to "pacify the bourgeois"—again, the exact opposite of what I said.

Finally, I am accused of believing that the next civilization will be Marxist, and "in line with this assumption" of castigating novelists who write in their own terms and not in mine. Nowhere throughout the book is there the slightest trace of such castigation. My personal view of what the future may be like has no influence whatever on my view of the "literature of the transition": I show how it is a transition, and discuss the problems which this raises. The only example of my castigating those who don't think in my terms which your reviewer can find is the Conrad chapter, where, as I have shown, he completely misrepresents me.

I am grateful for some nice compliments your reviewer pays me, but I prefer abuse to misrepresentation. Let him reread my book and see what I really did say.

DAVID DAICHES.
University of Chicago.

We have reread Mr. Daiches on Conrad without finding any reason to change our opinion. The chapter nowhere refers to Conrad as a "great novelist." Our reading of this chapter —perhaps a misinterpretation, certainly not a "misrepresentation"—is still that Mr. Daiches considers Conrad a *distinguished* novelist in spite of his not dealing with "typical situations in Western civilization." Mr. Daiches now says that Conrad is a *great* novelist "although—and even because—he does not deal with typical situations in Western civilization." The three words "and even because" remove any reason for argument between Mr. Daiches and ourselves about Conrad: the fact that Conrad's strength lies in his concern with the elemental was precisely our point; but these three words appear in Mr. Daiches's letter, not in his book. What the book says is this:

> It is no reproach to Conrad that he does not concern himself at all with the economic and social background underlying human relationships in modern civilization, for he never sets out to study those relationships. . . . That, from the point of view of the man with a theory, there are accidents in history, no one can deny. . . . You may dismiss the accidents—accidents only on one theory—as of no consequence, but you cannot deny their existence. The case of Conrad as novelist is analogous. What happens in a typhoon in the China seas is, on the standards of a historian of affairs in European civilization, accidental. But the events caused by the typhoon have an importance and interest of their own to those who are affected, and if the writer can make his readers feel this interest and importance he has produced something of literary value, *even though it may not be of the highest kind of literary value.* [Italics ours.]

The context, and indeed the entire book, left us with no choice but to take for granted that Mr. Daiches, in spite of his sometimes oblique way of making his points, is "the man with a theory" to whom the passage refers.

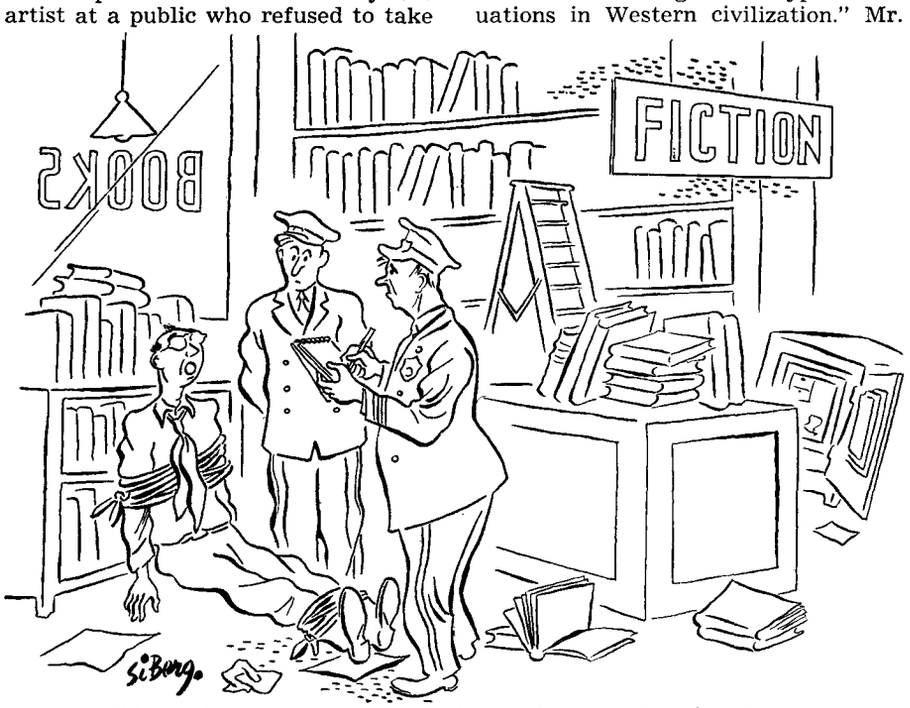
As to Mr. Daiches's second bone of contention, we can only quote the passage we had in mind:

> It [the theory of "art for art's sake"] was formulated as a half-conscious reply to the normal bourgeois attitude to art as it had developed through the nineteenth century. The conspiracy of the bourgeoisie not to take the artist seriously represented the only *modus vivendi* possible under an expanding capitalism which wanted to retain its artists without attending to the criticism which was bound to be implicit in a great proportion of at least literary art of the day. To this relegation of art to the realm of things respected but not taken seriously when it came to action, the artist replied by making a virtue of necessity and assuring the public that his art was not meant to have any function anyway.

Does "making a virtue of necessity" mean "a hit-back by the artist"?

Finally, we do not "suspect" that Mr. Daiches's book has a Marxist tinge: we are quite sure that it has. How this tinge applies to Conrad is

(*Continued on page* 22)



"His steel grey eyes were serene, but at the same time they flashed defiance. His sensitive nostrils quivered with excitement, while a scornful smile played around his thick lips. He took fifty-four dollars."

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Germans against Hitler

THE OTHER GERMANY. By Erika and Klaus Mann. New York: Modern Age Books. 1940. 318 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by TONI STOLPER

THE two eldest Mann children's lively little book is the continuation in print of their doings and sayings as political lecturers across the United States. It bears ample testimony to their eloquence in explaining to Americans their slant on the German tragedy. A large public in America seems to have found good reason for liking to listen to them, the now grown-up children of one of the foremost writers and most courageous thinkers of the century, members of the German generation that is to determine the fate of Germany for the next thirty years, two wide-awake persons who have well spent their youth in looking around in a world in which, in spite of all, it was fun to live.

Their present book gives much of the dramatic flavor they like to spread around themselves. Beginning and ending with conversations and discussions "somewhere in Europe and America" with persons puzzled about the same things they have at heart (somewhat à la "Zauberberg"), the book is more pretentious in its central theme. The authors do not only want to discuss and suggest what may have happened to Germany after 1918. At many points they like to believe that they are telling *the* truth about Germany for the benefit of Americans willing to learn it from them. And at these points necessarily many misgivings must arise. From Germans who have lived through these troubled and blundering years of Hitler's rise to power, nothing but an *ex parte* judgment may in all fairness yet be expected. If the Manns were clearly aware of this, their judgment would be entitled to a good deal of interest. But the eloquence of this book on "the other Germany" often turns into glibness and superficial problem-blindness. One of the main objects of the book is to convey the glad tidings that, opposed to the depravity of Hitler and his crowd, there is this other Germany, sedulously fighting and sabotaging under cover today, and only waiting to resume its fine role as a worthy member of Western civilization.

Why it did not stop Hitler in the first place—this paramount question for every decent German today—the Manns try to explain by a quick glance over German political thought and experience in the past, and then by a rather more ambitious criticism of the short-lived Weimar Republic. After reading this criticism, the depressing thought occurred to this reviewer: would the authors, with all their present knowledge and insight, have known how to avoid one of the disasters that befell German democracy? What we are given here is a view from rather far to the Left in the variegated groupings of the German Republic. So close the Manns seem to be to this left wing that rather miraculously, in their review of German politics, the leftist element almost completely escapes their attention. We are told how the reactionary element, cowed at first by the defeat in war, raised its ugly head in schools, inside the bureaucracy, naturally inside the army; how the pedestrian Social Democrats failed in their revolutionary duty and missed the spectacular chance of converting the Kaiser's Germany into a land of socialist promise. The Conservatives and the Center come in for their share of

Pinchot

Erika and Klaus Mann

the blame (although for some reason or other Chancellor Bruening is absolved from the crime of breaking the Constitution by way of his emergency decrees and all the responsibility for this is put on President Hindenburg, an impossible procedure). But we are told next to nothing about the extreme Left in post-war Germany, which made such a large number of average Germans so extremely apprehensive and unhappy for years. The names of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht are mentioned only to convey the impression that they were frustrated by assassins in their work of "softening the irresponsible radicalism of the leftist opposition"; but after all they had first organized the "Spartacus League" in a manner that did not look soft to the German patriot. The Munich Soviet Republic of 1919 is glossed over in half a paragraph, although many judicious observers tend to believe that without that horrifying experience the good Munich petit-bourgeois never would have afforded Hitler the solid stepping-stone to power. We do not get a hint of the threatening proximity of the Russian Soviets with their fervent belief at the time of the German collapse at the fronts that now the German Soviet Republic was ripe, nor of the good work of the Communist International in all the intervening pre-Popular Front years. And we hear nothing about the last tragic chapter of the Republic when the Republican governments, representive of parliamentary and popular majorities, were hemmed in and frustrated by concerted action from the enemies of the Constitution at the Right and the Left, Nazis and Communists, who at last put forth almost identical slogans of National Socialism to kill German Liberalism, thus foreshadowing the Nazi-Soviet collaboration of today. The Manns' concept of a conspiracy of the German Right against the Left may therefore not be acceptable to many students of German realities, and the puzzling about the "other Germany" will have to continue. Besides the role of German romanticism, racialism, hero-worship, of German neglect of politics in their love of irresponsible "culture," besides all this neatly referred to by the Manns, the role of the German brand of Leftism, of Marxism, will have to be investigated. It may appear in the light of some wiser generation that all these German trends had the one common denominator of setting up collectivist ideals for civic life as against the ultra-individualist habits of German cultural life. The German has never been taught in history to be a responsible and self-reliant citizen. He has never been taught really to understand what was meant in the Western nations by individual civic rights and duties, by the Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus Act, by parliamentarism and independent courts; he has never understood that no modern government is thinkable that does not demand checks and balances on the part of free individuals raised in the art of political judgment. Neither Left nor Right in the German Republic was in the least concerned with such thoughts as these. And none of the German critics seems yet detached enough from his native sphere of political thought to go to the bottom of the German failure. Therefore, these two gifted young writers would be well advised if they could spare some time from explaining things to Americans for a thorough study of the origins of Western liberties. Perhaps it would detract something from their trusting faith in the existence today of the "other Germany." But it may make them better able to cope with the duties of interpreting Western liberties to helpless Germans which, we fervently hope, may some day be awarded to them.

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Final Collection

THE SCRAPBOOK OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY THORNTON MOORE

MIDDLETON MURRY admits that "this final collection of Katherine Mansfield's literary remains needs some explanation. . . . About a year ago, for medical reasons, it appeared imperative that I should lose no time in tidying up my affairs. I turned my hand first to Katherine Mansfield's papers, because her handwriting is very difficult, and it seemed unlikely that anyone but myself would be able to decipher them." He has dug up all the unpublished fragments of her writing he could find, and has arranged them chronologically.

This book can hardly be aimed at the wide public. It will probably be most closely read by three other types of readers—Katherine Mansfield addicts, literary students seeking to know the contemporary field thoroughly, and those interested in the problems of authorship and in the workings of an author's mind. All three groups will be rewarded for their efforts, though perhaps not so greatly as the length of the book might lead them to expect. Some of the Mansfield charm is preserved here, but there is also a certain amount of sediment. Most of the verse is neither sufficiently poetic nor sufficiently clever to justify its being salvaged for posterity, and a good many of the prose tags simply take up space. Some readers may feel cheated because so much of the Scrapbook is made up of quotations from other authors, but there is little ground for complaint, for the quotations are in the main intensely interesting, most of them taken from the Russian writers. Chekhov appears oftenest; towards the end of Katherine Mansfield's life there are frequent passages from a little-known book by "M. B. Oxon" entitled "Cosmic Anatomy"—one can feel it pulling her towards those last days at Fontainebleau. Many of the quotations are followed by characteristically pert comments. Sometimes Katherine Mansfield briefly calls the author a fool, sometimes she wishes she could talk with "the Master" who had written a passage she liked. She can even correct Coleridge: beneath his statement, "Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being *vulgar* in point of style," she writes: "In point of *language*."

The stories in the book do not rank with Katherine Mansfield's finest, but there are some good parts to most of them. As Middleton Murry says in his Introduction, it is impossible to state whether most of them are completed or not: Katherine Mansfield was after all a lyric writer, and her stories do not necessarily have the beginning, middle, and end which the stories of "plot" authors have. It is pleasant to meet a few of her people again (such as the "Kezia" who appears in some of her best work) and to make the acquaintance of new ones, and to be plunged again into that vivid world of hers, that is so different from the grey-and-white, photograph-negative world of most other fiction writers. As an example of the better kind of imaginative writing found in the Scrapbook, there is the story (certainly incomplete) "The Scholarship," a memorable fragment, with the sudden chemistry of that New Zealand twilight made as dramatic as the clash between two strong personalities in a psychological novel. Like certain other sections of this Scrapbook, it will help to make those who have enjoyed Katherine Mansfield's work regret that, except for some new material Middleton Murry promises to add to a later edition of the "Letters," this is the last previously unpublished writing of hers that we shall be given to read.

The World at Seventeen

WALK LIKE A MORTAL. By Dan Wickenden. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1940. 530 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

MANY people will remember Mr. Wickenden's first novel, "The Running of the Deer." It was set in a suburban community on Long Island, and was concerned with ordinary American family life—particularly with the humors, longings, and growing pains of youngsters in their teens. And it was not merely promising, it was a delight. Using the same background in "Walk Like a Mortal," the author has contrived a better constructed and a more authentic story. Though it is less entertaining than the first one, it is also solider and promises even more for Mr. Wickenden's future.

Dan Wickenden

The central character, Gabe Mackenzie, is a bright, conscientious boy who, during the summer when he is seventeen and during his last year in high school, is an unhappy witness to the end of his mother's and father's marriage. What might have been disastrous for an oversensitive boy proves to be, for Gabe, merely disturbing. It does not prevent him from handling himself with credit in his difficult relations with both his parents, or even from getting good grades in school. His coming of age is an ordeal, but he manages it safely, and finds himself, soon after his eighteenth birthday, on solid ground.

Gabe's daily life at school—his friendships, his attempt to play football, his studying, his tennis matches, his encounters with teachers—is presented fully, and without a false note. So fully, in fact, that one feels there can be nothing left of the boy's external life to tell. One would recognize Gabe easily enough, if one passed him on the street. The question is whether all of this was necessary to the story; and whether devoting two hundred thousand words to a seventeen-year-old doesn't, in the end, produce a world that is slightly out of whack.

At seventeen, boys can no longer isolate themselves or induce the invulnerability of childhood. They have to fit, willy-nilly, into a life that is dominated by their elders, into a world where they are not yet important. What they do can be made interesting to read about, but it isn't always, in this book. Anyone who can write as entertainingly as Mr. Wickenden has an artistic obligation to make the most of his comic characters. There are half a dozen of them in "Walk Like a Mortal," but they seem hardly to get a word in edgewise. They stand aside, usually, in attitudes of admiration for the rather humorless young hero, for the way he keeps his problems to himself. All this is not quite convincing at times, and certainly not much fun.

In spite of what seems an unnecessary length for such a book, one cannot help being impressed by the orderly sequence of scenes, many of them excellent, all of them soundly observed and simply recorded. Mr. Wickenden knows the part of this country that he is writing about, and he knows it cold. I don't think it is extravagant to hope that there exists in him a very young Arnold Bennett; or to expect that in God's good time he may recreate the suburbs on Long Island as substantially as Bennett did the Five Towns.

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A Book and an Idea

The Case History of "Union Now"

BY GEORGE CATLIN

Clarence Streit

MR. CLARENCE STREIT, sometime Geneva correspondent of the *New York Times,* advocates, as all the world knows since the past summer, the "Union Now"* of fifteen democracies into one federal organization or what old Immanuel Kant, in his "Perpetual Peace," called a "Cosmopolitan Institution." Elsewhere, for brevity, Mr. Streit refers to these peoples—for the union is to be of societies and men, not of governments—as "We, the People of the Atlantic."

Such a book appears designed by whatsoever devil or archangel is patron saint of journalists to provide joy to the slick reviewer. He can dismiss it as fantastic, visionary, unpractical, and indeed "pap and pep—mostly pap." The critics, however, in this case were nearly robbed of their prey. Those prudent men, the publishers, declined to take the risks. They decided there was no money in peace of this kind. It is no secret that Mr. Streit's book was one of the most unanimously rejected books that publishing houses have seen recently.

Mr. Streit, however, is one of that species of men to whom the Mahommeds, the General Booths, and John Browns belong. He would not take "no" for an answer. He had occupied five years, since 1933, in writing and rewriting "Union Now;" and in 1938 he had 300 copies, "not for sale," printed off in English at his own expense at Ambilly, in France on the Swiss border. Copies had been sent to those who for years had been turning over ideas of a similar nature; Mr. Lionel Curtis, The Round Table Group (which includes the present British Ambassador in Washington), President Aydelotte of Swarthmore, and others. Lionel Curtis called "Union Now," "like 'The Federalist,' a milestone in history."

A consensus of opinion of weight was obtained which impressed the minds of the publishing world that the book might be worth promoting. Moreover, the Czech situation had stimulated interest in international affairs. Harper & Brothers imported, in February, 1939, a modest first edition of sheets printed in France. The Carnegie Foundation was persuaded into taking copies for educational distribution. Jonathan Cape simultaneously published in London. A leading review in the *New York Times* and a discussion on March 9 on the Town Hall of the Air had the effect of arousing public interest and stimulating sales. Meanwhile Streit worked with the fervor of an apostle. A friend, Mr. Melvin Ryder, started publication in Washington of *Union Now Bulletin,* looking to the establishment of an organization for the promotion of the Federal idea. The *Bulletin* was a small affair, struck off on Mr. Ryder's private printing press.

At this stage there was no especial reason to suppose that the book would achieve outstanding success. It was no "Book-of-the-Month" choice. Wiseacres in publishing might well expect to reassure themselves that "advertisement never made a book yet," and is mere money thrown away where there is no popular demand. Moreover Mr. Streit's book was not an easy book for popular consumption, being full of institutional and constitutional details.

Mr. Streit, however, had another champion. Mr. Russell Davenport, editor of *Fortune,* had read the book and had been impressed by its vision. In April, 1939, *Fortune* came out with an editorial. Mr. Streit's name was coupled with that of Mr. Cordell Hull as co-worker in the cause of a "free libertarian economy." Under the somewhat unexpected caption of "Business-and-Government," an outline of Streit's scheme was given as that of a "gargantuan democracy of 280,000,000 people; a vast economic opportunity"—"the greatest political and economic opportunity in history." Instead of leagues, such as the Geneva League, which resemble all too closely the unfortunate Articles of Confederation of the original American States, a Union could be set up of "prodigious" economic weight. As for the Atlantic, thanks to airplane and radio, its size was shrinking yearly. Like the Mediterranean of old, it could rather unite than divide nations.

Sales of "Union Now" began to rise to 200 a week. In June *The Reader's Digest* carried a condensation of the *Fortune* article. In October *Life,* another of the Luce publications, led off with an article on Streit and the "United States of the World." By now the European War had further stimulated interest. *Fortune* returned to the subject in December. Sales by that month were touching 700 a week; approximately 10,000 copies had been sold by the end of 1939. French and Swedish translations had appeared and a German (Swiss) one was in preparation. A cheap edition was already being made ready.

It was a remarkable achievement granted the character of the book, which was no romance to attract curiosity or titillate pleasure. The nearest thing in it to a Scarlett O'Hara was the figure of Peace, more amiable but alas! more abstract. That the book was sold, against all odds to the contrary, was a tribute to the power of the press and press publicity; to the obdurate faith of an individual; and to the rare luck that brought the two together.

At a later stage the organization of Inter-Democracy Federal Unionists (I.F.U.), with its hundred local groups in process of formation throughout the country, was to play its part in developing the book's distribution. At latest report there were 4,000 registered members, not including members of various centers, in process of organization. "Union Now" became the I.F.U.'s Koran and "Das Kapital"—

*UNION NOW. By Clarence K. Streit. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939.

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not to be regarded, one hopes, as verbally inspired. Nevertheless, if Mr. Davenport had been on a fishing trip, matters might have been different. . . . But for the grace of God and *Fortune,* Mr. Streit would in all probability have been assured that the public was not interested in heavy books of this kind, or that his idea was essentially too unpractical and remote—and indeed not even new.

The idea is indeed not new. As President Aydelotte says in his comment, "I have been discussing the idea with friends of mine for some years." Men had been doing so, off and on, ever since the days of Kant. Mr. Lionel Curtis produced his "World Order (Civitas Dei)" with explicitly the same theme in three volumes during the years 1934-1937, which reached an appreciative but, nevertheless, a small audience. In the 1920s Dr. Lange, of Norway, and Count Coudenhove-Kalergi debated the shape of Federal Europe. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's "Paneuropa" achieved considerable réclame. H. G. Wells, in his "Open Conspiracy," and elsewhere, and Señor de Madariaga, in his "World Design," developed the idea in their respective ways. "The United States of Europe" (1930) of M. Edouard Herriot, once Premier of France, is an interesting curiosity to reread today. The Geneva League provided a background for all this discussion. Mr. Streit's idea, then, was not new—but it was ripe.

A survey of these earlier literary efforts gives some clue to answer the question whether Streit's idea is not only ripe but likely to be successful—in brief, to the question: Is it practical?

Much of this literature visualizes a United States of Europe. There were those who spoke of a European patriotism, as did Gaston Riou, in his "Europe, Ma Patrie." This thesis of a United States of Europe is what won the championship of Briand and the approval of Beneš. At times it read remarkably like a variant of the French policy of controlling Europe through leadership of the small nations. At others it looked even more unpleasantly like advocacy of a league of debtor states against the American creditor. Repeatedly the argument, as in Lucien Romier's "Qui Sera le Maître?," is that capitalist and materialist America will dominate Europe unless Europe can strengthen herself by imitating America and federating. As M. Herriot says, in his "United States of Europe," "there was a certain uneasiness in face of facts that indicated a violent extension of American power." The first chapter of Herriot's book bears a significant title, "Decadence and Grandeur of Europe." In the case of Coudenhove-Kalergi, in his "Paneuropa" and later books, the stress has been upon common values, but upon specifically European values as distinct from those attributed as common to Russia and America. Not only leading German Social Democrats, but Stresemann himself, blessed the Briand plan. But Stresemann and William Graham, British Socialist Minister of Trade, in commenting on Briand's speech of the 5th of September, 1929, at the Tenth Assembly of the League, had to insist that any federation must not be directed against the creditor nation, the United States.

One of the chief difficulties with a United States of Europe, apart from deep cultural discrepancies that also affect a Pan-American Union, is a difficulty long ago pointed out by Dr. Lange. Either Britain is excluded, in which case a U.S.E. constitutes for it a super-Napoleonic menace, or Britain (as Lange wished) is included. But, if Britain is in, either the Empire is out and the British Commonwealth broken, or the Commonwealth is in and the Federation ceases to be European.

Streit, here anticipated by Curtis, followed a course that, in my personal view, is far more hopeful. While looking forward, as a goal, to world union, Streit began with the North Atlantic Powers, adding the Oslo group, as a nucleus for his Union. Moreover, Streit showed striking clarity in his demonstration that national sovereignty is a source of our evils. It belongs to the same order of ideas as autocracy and totalitarianism. It is indeed but the other face of Hobbes's despot Leviathan. It is a group lust for power, however veiled by lawyerly metaphysics; and here, more deeply than in economic maldistribution, is the root cause of war.

As long ago as 1925 the present writer, in the Hearst press, advocated the union of the British Commonwealth and the United States. That thesis was repeated recently, in my "Anglo-Saxony and its Tradition," with a suggestion that Canada act as buckle between the two and France as continental link connecting with Europe. Not just the democratic idea, but a tradition of living wider and deeper, yet including this idea, seemed to bind the whole together in its fundamental attitude, common values, and way of life. With Coudenhove and Madariaga, but with a different grouping, the stress lay on these values. Although completed for the publisher before Mr. Streit's book was read, we perhaps flattered ourselves that it was more practical. Nevertheless, all such books were swallowed up in the greater glory of Streit's "Union Now," and rightly so, since he had expended on his work a time and faith that others can only envy. Incidentally, the states enumerated for union in the book above referred to were substantially the same as Streit's; but a beginning was suggested on the Canadian frontier.

It can be argued that both Coudenhove-Kalergi's and Streit's schemes suffer from the defect of not being universal. In the words of Voltaire about Rousseau, "we have been extremely pained to observe that, in the said extract, drawn upon by our Jean Jacques, in which there are described easy methods of giving perpetual peace to Europe, he has forgotten the rest of the Universe, which should be kept in mind in these booklets." World Federation, however, is at present impractical. The current of the age is not running that way. Streit indeed nowhere excludes its future practicability. His Union is an open union. But America will not stand now for world federation. The most we can hope for is some species of world confederation —International Labor Office; Geneva Health Services; World Court on a moral basis; a forum for the voices of small nations—but upon this sub-structure of world confederation, with which America could be associated, a regional federation could be immediately superimposed. Geneva and the Papacy would be world organizations. Operative power would rest with the regional federations.

The world divides into four great power blocs. Of these one—China—is unorganized, inchoate, and its problems lie in the future. The autarkic Soviet Union, with its negation of free trade concepts, is patently a second. Middle Europe, rather than Pan-Europe, would appear to be a third. The North Atlantic Powers constitute the fourth group, with which the Pan-American Union stands in a special relationship. We may see this war—World War Series Number Two: the Great Chaos—end with a democratic

If I Am But the Water

BY CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

IF I am but the water
That lies within your banks,
How peacefully you hold me in,
And with how little thanks,
For all my petty torrents
That thunderstorms create,
Are harboured in your holding earth
Untroubled by my spate.
If years have served to deepen
The waters you contain,
They may the more reflect your joy
And cover up your pain,
And if my waters gather
To turn a splendid wheel,
It will be you that locked its power
And you that broke its seal.

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regime restored in Germany and a federation of this new Germany with the Danubian states. It is the alternative to power politics among Russia, Italy, France, and Germany on the Danube. We should see restored what a British-owned Montevideo newspaper called "The Germany of the Langsdorffs," when praising that conscientious, gallant seaman. This arrangement will, however, end no war before the spring. We may, on the contrary, see a Germany under Hermann Goering and der Fuehrer in Berchtesgaden and a Danubian Federation, including Austria, Bohemia, Slovakia, Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, and perhaps Roumania. As the leader of the British opposition, Clement Attlee, recently said: "Europe must federate or burst." The total area will be that once under the influence of the Holy Roman Empire, an area competent to balance Russia.

Finally, we are left with the New World. It is not easy to estimate the prospects of a federal union of peoples, in Mr. Streit's sense, between Anglo-Saxon and Latin America within the framework of the Pan-American Union. It will be aided by some effective fusion elsewhere between Anglo-Saxon and Latin cultures. The prospect is different as touching the forty-eight United States, including the Old Dominion of Virginia, and the thirty-odd states and provinces of the British Commonwealth, including the new Dominion of Canada, which —and this is the crux of the whole "North Atlantic" argument—is essentially a new world power. Fusion here is not necessarily impracticable and is patently mutually advantageous. Anglo-Saxony, so constituted, is unchallengeable and assured of peace.

There is another effective fusion which a few years ago was wildly impracticable but which today only a rash man would dismiss as out of the picture. It is a union of Anglo-Saxon and Latin cultures, of the spirits of Cromwell and Lafayette,—the union of Britain and France. Separated they perish. United they are strong. Already this union proceeds militarily and economically. The title, "King of England, France and Ireland," may again acquire reality without disrespect to the Maid of Orleans.

This at least is clear: an intimate alliance between Germany and Russia builds up such a mass-power that the detachment of America is ended. This power is competent to tell the United States, in foreign policy, "where it gets off." If the British fleet is destroyed, the United States must maintain two fleets, each equal to the British. Britain and, for strategic reasons, France are the necessary buffers of the New World against any European-Asiatic federation. They have, moreover, the practical merit of carrying with them, into any federation, the British and French colonial empires until such time as a World Federation, competent to take over these as its own demesne, arises. Mr. Streit's advocated fusion of the North Atlantic Powers corresponds to the political realities. The center of political gravity already is to be found, and daily is to be found more emphatically, in the New World. The British Commonwealth lies—if we will look at the map—in crescent formation around Washington. A consolidation of that formation would seem to be for the well-being of peoples, whatever may be the attitude of states and governments.

Ours is an age of imagination, like the Renaissance. The men of political imagination of our day—Lenin, Mussolini, Adolf Hitler—are the effective realists who have actually changed the map. Unless the idea of a restored Roman Caesarism of Adolf Hitler is to prevail, or the Bolshevik vision of Lenin, or mere narrow self-satisfied nationalism, a policy equally single-minded, of equal vision and power, is required in the Western World to shape the battle of Democracy. To such a gospel Mr. Clarence Streit plays John the Baptist. That is why his "Union Now," despite every commercial calculation of the smaller "practical men," has in fact commanded some of the attention that it deserves. It should encourage young people, looking for vision in this darkness and life in this deadness, to see that this is so. They can be happy to be alive in this new dawn which may see the end of the filthy flailings of war as Lincoln saw the end of slavery.

Developments on the Air

(*Continued from page 8*)

News broadcasting, so far as it pertains to the war in Europe, has undergone a welcome change for the better. The confusion and hysteria which marked war bulletins last September have disappeared as the three major networks have entrusted their commentaries, respectively, to the authoritative and restrained voices of Raymond Gram Swing, John Gunther, and Elmer Davis.

Perhaps the war is chiefly responsible for the significant new trend in radio—the growing importance of the speaking voice, and the corresponding diminution of music. Until a few months ago music dominated the microphones. Today, drama is in the air. It is estimated that forty-five per cent of radio programs at present are of dramatic nature. Drama fits in with the mood of the times. Moreover, it costs less to produce. Talk is cheap—on the air. It also can be, and often is, good entertainment.

LOUIS REID.

No Peace Within the Walls of Faith

AS A DRIVEN LEAF. By Milton Steinberg. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1940. 480 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THIS is the tale of Elisha ben Abuyah, rabbi and member of the Sanhedrin. Jewish history tells us he forsook his religion to live as a Hellenized Syrian, and his folk to be an informer for the Romans during the great Jewish persecutions in Emperor Hadrian's day. Mr. Steinberg ingeniously makes him an overintellectual student of life, whose early upbringing by a father given to Greek philosophy combines with a temperament fundamentally unstable and skeptical to give him no peace within the walls of faith. Even in religion he was influenced by the logical certainties of the then new and fascinating doctrine of Euclid.

Elisha's very apostasy, which has made him so monstrous a figure of legend, is thus due to a kind of superfidelity—an effort to find a demonstrable God in Roman law, after having in vain sought one in the theology of his own people, in the charlatanary of Mithraism, in Greek philosophy and secular love. Not till that circuit is complete can he return to faith. Through the whole book, though only once mentioned in the reader's hearing, runs the "no profit under the sun" of Ecclesiastes.

Unfortunately for most readers, the frame in which this really fine story is cast is that of the traditional Jewish fiction biography—a saga form which follows the subject from cradle to grave. This makes, in the first place a long book; and in the second, one which jumps from scene to scene, often across a span of years, and with many events telescoped into the form of synopsis. The result is not so much a connected book as a series of short stories around a central theme. At several points also, the author is evidently torn between the difficulty of straining the credulity of his readers by keeping the same minor characters among utterly changed circumstances, and spending time to develop new minor characters. Yet all these criticisms amount to little more than saying that Mr. Steinberg uses an art form somewhat different from that of the novel to which most of us are accustomed; and certainly he uses that form very well.

Fletcher Pratt is the author of a number of books in various fields, including "Hail Caesar!" a biography of Julius Caesar.

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The Age of Godey's

(*Continued from page* 4)

ionable dances. Besides, you know, they say that Madame Cancan's young ladies know how to enter a room better than those of any other school."

And how they swoon, and simper, and die of broken hearts, these young ladies! Nor are their fictional suitors far behind them in sentimentality. In *Harper's,* January, 1855, a pining lover exclaims:

> My love is no longer to be borne. If I stay here, I must go mad or die. . . . Forgive my love; I cannot help it. . . . Forgive me, madam, and sometimes deign to cast a thought on him who adores you, silent and hopeless.

Did anybody ever really talk like that? It is hard to believe, but the persistence of these floriated dialogues certainly suggest that if actual lovers didn't behave thus, it was their ideal of how they would talk if they could.

Yet there is plenty of evidence that the admirers of this sort of fiction were not nearly as proper as they pretended to be. Though they were careful not to mention legs, bosoms did not come under the same tabu; gowns were cut so low that conservative folk of our own times would find them scandalous, and some of the jokes on this subject published in eminently respectable magazines are startling to the taste of today. After a frothy love story or two the reader of *Harper's* in June, 1856, could turn to the "Editor's Drawer" department and find such amusement as this:

> There was a great party in the Fifth Avenue just before last Lent, and the ladies in the matter of dress were extremely *lowly* minded: so low were some of them disposed to go, that Jones said to Snooks, "Did you ever see the like?" "No," says Snooks, "I never did; at least, not since I was weaned."

When hoops were revived in the winter of 1855-56 by the Empress Eugénie, it was taken for granted that everybody knew the reason for her widening of skirts. "In due course of nature instinct led her to hide her form," *Harper's* remarks in the exquisite language of the day, "and her sweet deformity became the fashion of the world." The following spring, after the birth of the Prince Imperial, readers are told they may expect "a collapse of skirts commensurate with so tremendous an event." As it turned out, this hope was premature, for though the empress no longer needed hoopskirts they remained in fashion for twelve years more.

They remained because the crinoline was, in fact, a seductive fashion. Legs were unmentionable (what men wore to cover them was sometimes printed "t———rs"), but they were by no means invisible. Abundant cartoons of the period show us what happened when the wind blew and the crinoline swayed like a dinner-bell. That the supposedly modest damsels were quite aware of this is demonstrated by the stockings shown in the fashion pages—stockings of green, blue, or lavender, or white stockings embroidered in bright colors with designs of wreaths and flowers. Such gaudy articles were certainly meant to be seen.

But characteristically, no one would admit it in words. It was a period when politeness required everybody to pretend an impossible delicacy. No detail of the times is more deliciously typical of that age of pretense than the nightgowns worn by the ladies who wore crinolines in the daytime. Their nighties had high necks and long sleeves, and ended at the waist. We can see pictures of them in *Godey's,* buttoned close around the neck, but not long enough to cover the hips. In October, 1859, one of them is described as having "a ruffle of embroidered dimity extending around the throat and finishing the flowing sleeves." But according to the rest of the description and the accompanying sketch, the nightgown was not even wrist-length.

Theirs was an age of euphuism, in which it was bad manners to speak directly of what everybody knew you were talking about. This was true not only in matters of sexual connotation, but in nearly everything else: they did not like directness, and if they could help themselves they did not employ it either in behavior or in words. In a single article on temperance, liquor is called "the poisonous bowl," "the accustomed stimulus," "intoxicating draughts," and "stimulating preparations"; in an article on horseback riding the required animal is a courser, a charger, and a steed, but not a horse, and the sport is called "equestrianism." As for the slavery controversy, magazines of the 1850s make it obvious that there were thousands of Americans who were trying to solve that problem by pretending it wasn't there. "Slavery" became a word almost unfit for use in polite writings. Just as "condition" had become a synonym for "pregnancy," so the dreadful term "slavery" was replaced by "institution." In the fifties "institution" had almost ceased to have any other meaning.

The women's magazines were even more roundabout. Without ever mentioning sectional antagonism, they repeatedly published stories of romances between Northern men and Southern girls (or vice versa), culminating in blissful marriages; and they published many articles on Revolutionary heroes and heroines carefully chosen from both sections of the country. Presumably everybody knew they were trying to fan the wavering flame of intersectional friendship, but they never said so.

To the hindsighted reader of today, it looks as if those Americans pretended because reality was too overpowering to be acknowledged. The world was moving faster than it had ever moved before. Not only was it a time when mechanical inventions were changing the country at such a rate that its inhabitants were breathless, but nobody who knows American history in the decades before the Civil War will suggest that it was a period of sweetness or security. Americans were building cities and railroads, they were conquering a continent, they were quarreling fiercely with one another; and their manners provided an antidote for their actions. Turbulent societies cling eagerly to such small securities as they can find, and in the United States before 1861 elegance, propriety, and lofty speech gave the appearance of solidity that the people needed.

Then came the Civil War, and the reality they had dreaded rose up and dealt the age of pretense a blow from which there was no recovering. As though there was not abundant evidence of this in important matters, we can observe in the magazines that before the war had lasted a year the phrase "peculiar institution" had become the point of countless jokes, as well as the hitherto forbidden word, now sometimes printed in the humor departments as "S———y." By 1866 the amount of sugary fiction had dropped enormously, and it continued to decline through the next decade.

At the close of the war an announcement in *Godey's* said that copies of the magazine for 1861 had been set aside for subscribers who had paid for the year in advance but who had been prevented from receiving it because of the war's disturbance of the mails, and would be sent them on receipt of their present addresses. How many subscribers asked for copies it is impossible to say, but those who did read about a world that had come to an end. The war had changed a great deal more than the status of the slaves. By forcing the gossamer damsels and their sighing lovers to face facts, it had made the United States more literal-minded and less diffident. Neither the Americans nor their magazines were ever so rhapsodical again.

Gwen Bristow is the author of several historical novels of Louisiana, the latest of which, "This Side of Glory," is shortly to appear.

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Wine from These Grapes

BY THOMAS BURTON

This review by Thomas Burton of the motion picture of Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" inaugurates a new feature which will appear from time to time in The Saturday Review. *As the motion-picture critic of* The Saturday Review, *with a wide background experience in Hollywood, Mr. Burton will criticize motion pictures which have a literary significance or have emerged from books.*

THERE was reason for fear and trembling in many people when "The Grapes of Wrath" was sold to Hollywood. I myself had a packhorse loaded and ready—waiting for the first sign of Okie glamour, whimsey, or whamsey to appear, before I headed for the tall timber.

I have just seen "The Grapes of Wrath," and I was wrong. The motion picture version is a cinema masterwork of immense virility—a great addition to the very few works of screen literature that have any earthly realities.

Directed by John Ford—who made that other screen masterpiece, "The Informer"—the screen version of "The Grapes of Wrath" has a courage, an outlook, a realism that Hollywood has never dared approach before. There is in it a genuinely spiritual lusting after truths and a tactless anxiety to capture the emotions of the novel. Nunnally Johnson's handling of the script is superb.

The screen version does not pull its punches. But the Steinbeck language has been toned down with no real harm done to the characters. Steinbeck's use of profanity has always been faulty—not from the angle of shock to prissy readers, but because he has no literary ear for it, has no morbidly sensitive alertness to its presence as an art form (as, say, James Joyce uses it). He packs so much of it in needlessly that when he has to work up a scene that needs the bald vulgar meanness of profanity—the crash and shock and raw red meat of harsh austere fury—he has no reserve to draw on. Profanity in the hands of an artist can be profound, grotesque, or tragic.

How close is the screen play to the book? In places very close. In places far away—like a savage approaching his fetish for the first time. The camera is shorter and better than Steinbeck's asides on farms, the dust storms, the sun-burned crops, the tractoring out, the jallopies moving west, the growl and hate and the full-gutted horror of the Native Sons, the bitter smell and shaggy hopelessness of the hamlets named in honor of Hoover.

Chapters become seconds and lose nothing by it. The age-old hunger of men for the land in the sun comes through. The novel's very trite and false-gilt symbolic ending is gone. It was an ending that Steinbeck seems to have remembered from a short story by Guy de Maupassant, and thrown in as a shocker to cap his text.

The motion-picture trek of the Joad family to the promised land has been done with remarkable skill and sense of pace and timing that is part of the pungent redolence of the characters. The very smell, the reek of old rubber, the toss and grind of home-built jallopy bodies, the dry gagging dust, the heat of the sun, the dreadful hunger of caked faces, the ache of women's bodies, the burning of men as they stare ahead to dreams of futures big with portent, the whole surge of farmers going west, has been frozen into celluloid, and nothing blurred, nothing has been done to sugar or make pretty Steinbeck's indignation, his indictment of an America that lets such things happen to its old stock. There is no timorous apologetic affection in this picture. Its greater value is that it leaps across to you as you sit in the warm throbbing darkness of the theater. You suddenly understand that these rags, these human clots of pain and hope, with their urge to find a better haven, are Americans.

For this picture is the story of those Americans of fertility and fecundity who went West—but not far enough West; who broke the sod and raised their children to follow the furrow, who stayed when the northwesters came, and the grasshoppers; whose cherished integrity lasted a long time. The motion picture brings this to you, scene after scene in a stark realism, almost like a newsreel—but under it all is the great directing talent of John Ford, developing an incessant physical intimacy and fluency.

The picture retains a fidelity to the spirit of the book—if not to the letter. For years the great Hollywood mistake has been the evil of type-casting and the employment of the same raddled bit players in the same roles, picture after picture. You will be amazed at the cast. Once they too were clipped, monosyllabic, slangy, carbon copies. Bit players from a hundred sunkissed epics. But in "The Grapes of Wrath" they are alive to an alertness of direction, a sense of the material they are performing.

This motion picture captures the emotions, the scenes and the characters of a very good novel, and at times surpasses it with an animal verve and a robust unintimidated greatness.

Thomas Burton's novel of the American scene in the twenties, "And So Dedicated," is shortly to be published.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 306)

A. TROLLOPE
"BARCHESTER TOWERS"

These leave-takings in novels are as disagreeable as they are in real life . . . and quite as perplexing. . . . Do I not myself know that I am at this moment in want of a dozen pages and that I am sick with cudgelling my brains to find them?

Harold Laski's Essays

THE DANGER OF BEING A GENTLEMAN, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Harold J. Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 270 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

MR. LASKI is one of the few English intellectuals who have lived as well as lectured in the United States, and therefore he has no doubt smiled knowingly when he has read of himself in the American press as a member—if not head—of the British Labour Party Brain Trust. Mr. Laski is a scholar, a political theorist; and his relation to the practical politics of the British labor movement is at once more intimate and less spectacular than the peculiarly American relation suggested in the peculiarly American phrase "brain trust." This short collection of essays will not provide anything new for those who already know their Laski in his major works, such as the "Grammar of Politics." It is, however, a useful introduction to Mr. Laski in his complex activities, ranging from a scholarly and footnoted essay on "The English Constitution and French Public Opinion, 1789-1914" to popular articles from the "quality" magazines, like the name-essay on "The Danger of Being a Gentleman," and a report on law and justice in Soviet Russia. There is an admirable tribute to Mr. Justice Holmes, and a temperate discussion of the study of politics, which was Mr. Laski's inaugural lecture at the University of London.

There is in this volume not much trace of the militant Marxist Laski who evolved in the early thirties out of the pluralist disciple of Maitland, Acton, Duguit, who cast such a spell over the Harvard youth of the early post-war years. Perhaps Mr. Laski is in a sense swinging to the Right again, or at any rate coming back to certain traditional ethical values which are hard to adapt to an uncompromising acceptance of the doctrines of Marx as they evolved on this earth. Yet, as the essay on soviet law of 1935, reprinted in this collection, shows well enough, Mr. Laski was never a convert to the dogmatic ideas of rigid Marxism, and as his earliest writings show, he has always been in some sense a socialist.

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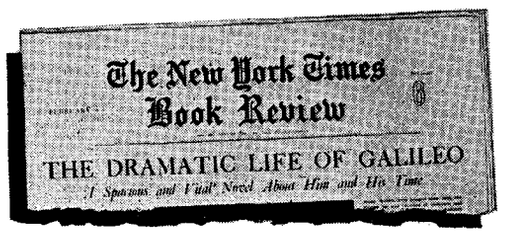
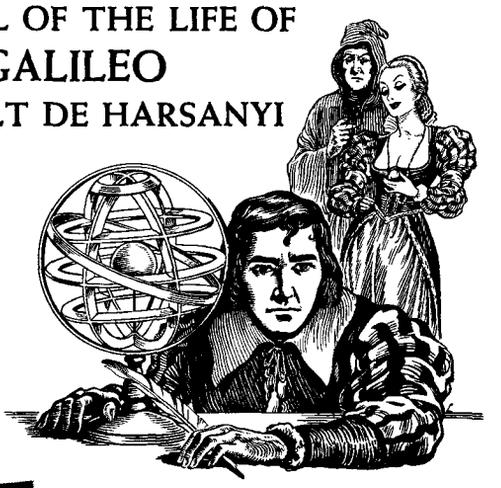
FRONT PAGE TRIBUTES HAIL IT!

the Star-Gazer

A NOVEL OF THE LIFE OF
GALILEO
By ZSOLT DE HARSANYI


The New York Times
Book Review
THE DRAMATIC LIFE OF GALILEO
A Spacious and Vivid Novel About Him and His Time



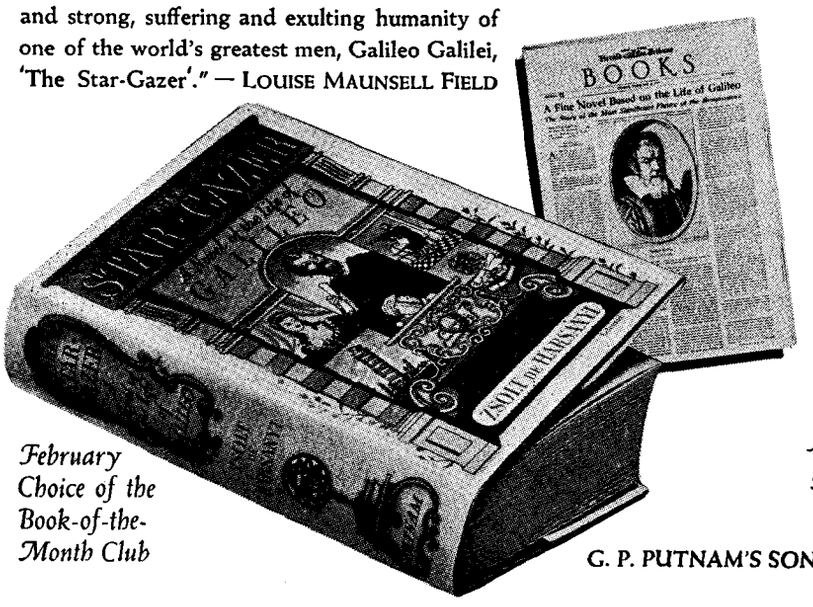
"Seldom does there come to the reviewer's desk a novel which for vitality, interest, richness of color and breadth of scope is in any degree comparable with Zsolt de Harsanyi's remarkable study of Galileo.

"With a skill and an insight little less than extraordinary, the author takes us inside the mind of Galileo Galilei, letting us follow the current of his thought, the changing and developing of his ideas, ambitions and ideals, showing us, too, the very human individual who loved and suffered, sinned and aspired, triumphed and failed.

"The book is interesting from beginning to end, a glowing, clearly drawn and richly detailed picture of one of the world's most important periods, and at its center the weak and strong, suffering and exulting humanity of one of the world's greatest men, Galileo Galilei, 'The Star-Gazer'." — LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

The Saturday Review

"This warm-hearted, absent-minded, impulsive, hesitant, stubborn, humble man with his conventional piety and radical intelligence is a living and believable creation. Galileo must have been like this, and one is glad to know him. The excitment in *The Star-Gazer* derives legitimately from its subject, and its unassuming view of life is more profound than it seems instead of seeming more profound than it is."
—GARRETT MATTINGLY



"A fine novel based on the life of Galileo . . . who stands to this day as the most truly significant figure of the Renaissance. One of the permanently true stories, valid by the whole experience of humanity. It is told in lively fashion, and its perennial appeal remains unimpaired."
—ISABEL PATERSON

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Between the Lyric and the Didactic

AUTUMN JOURNAL. By Louis MacNeice. New York: Random House. 1940. 96 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

THERE are two kinds of personal poem which everyone can enjoy: in times of stability and smugness it is fun to watch the anarchist-hero flouting all discipline, but in times of great confusion the portrait of the artist seeking order by laughing intelligently at his own weakness may act as a purge. Byron wrote both kinds of poem successfully. Mr. MacNeice, in "Autumn Journal," does the second superlatively well, condemning (never too heavily) his own moral paralysis, looking in Barcelona, in the Greek classroom, and into his more personal dilemmas for the seeds of a new, more valid set of beliefs. And like Byron, who could never be sure whether Napoleon was a conquering tyrant or the instrument of the liberation of the French Revolution, MacNeice, like the most intelligent of his countrymen, is torn between the conviction that fascism must be destroyed and the suspicion that by merely invoking force to drown it in blood at the unclean boundaries of Empire, the civilized will in turn become the uncivilized:

> And we who have been brought up
> to think of "Gallant Belgium"
> As so much blague
> Are now preparing again to essay
> good through evil
> For the sake of Prague;
> And must, we suppose, become uncritical, vindictive,
> And must, in order to beat
> The enemy, model ourselves upon the enemy,
> A howling radio for our paraclete.

The poem, as the poet himself points out in the introductory note, is half way between the lyric and didactic, and consisting as it does of what the poet feels at the moment, "to attempt scientific truthfulness would be—paradoxically—dishonest." Written in a kind of elastic quatrain, it indicates to this reviewer a development in modern poetry quite at variance with the theory of Cleanth Brooks and other critics who see the obscure "interior drama" of the "metaphysical" school supreme. Mr. MacNeice, of course, uses many of the devices of symbolism and even the effective tags and incongruities of the "surrealists"—but sparingly, and always in nice subordination to the idea he is trying to get across, condemning that

> System that gives a few at fancy prices
> Their fancy lives
> While ninety-nine in the hundred who never attend the banquet
> Must wash the grease of ages off the knives . . .

looking for "a warm wind that blows the bodies of men together"; observing uneasily "All quiet on the Family Front"; seeing the white cut wood "like the roast flesh of chicken. Each tree falling like a closing fan" as the hill-tops are made bald for anti-aircraft; hating desperately to abandon the familiar, even when it has long since been abandoned by the intellect as "wormy"; hoping that this age-old Heraclitan destruction which storms up even out of the mellowed classics, will give way to a time

> Where the individual, no longer squandered
> In self-assertion, works with the rest, endowed
> With the split vision of a juggler, and the quick lock of a taxi,
> Where the people are more than a crowd.

In MacNeice's world there is no need deliberately to "assimilate the steam-engine" as the Imagists so self-consciously tried to do. The assimilation has been done. The steam engine is as much a part of the "tradition" as Mickey Mouse, Aristophanes, and the Civil War in Spain. Six lines from a reference to Oedipus at Colonnus, lifebuoy soap floats quite naturally. The past becomes a living commentary on the present. At the gallery of old masters is found "personality like a silent bomb Lurking in the formal portrait" and

> Christ who should lie quiet in the garden
> Flowered in flame instead.

But if this new kind of poetry is to come to full fruition, its colloquialism must be taken far beyond the personal "journal" and its seed must find a richer season to flower in than "Autumn." It is significant that Mr. MacNeice, like so many of his gifted English contemporaries, has just come to America. If we Americans can assimilate some of their traditional subtlety and historical poise, giving them in return some of our athletic extraversion and faith in the common man, that union may see a narrative poetry of great power.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FRENCH KEY *Frank Gruber* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Gadget for discouraging Manhattan dead-beats dumps two care-free souls into murderous muddle, which John Fletcher untangles.	Liberal education in numismatics, and how to live luxuriously on no funds; also much lively chatter and tricky plotting.	High test
MURDER BICARB *Delia Van Deusen* (Bobbs Merrill: $2.)	Double evenoming in old folks' retreat, with subsequent fatal bludegoning, cleared up by observant young matron.	Crotchety ancients vigorously portrayed, and plot has neat final twist. Agreeable amateur sleuthess works nicely.	Garrulous but good
X MARKS THE SPOT *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Cal. movie singer stabbed with surgical knife. Peter Clancy's knowledge of American music helps him solve it.	Suspicion nicely distributed among interesting characters. Deducing, thanks to super-valet Wiggar, well groomed.	Amiable
THE PRIVATE PRACTICE OF MICHAEL SHAYNE *Brett Halliday* (Holt: $2.)	Miami private 'tec, taking long chances, finally nails demises of small-time gamblers to door of powerful malefactors.	Seamy side of Florida life vividly depicted, with chief character dealing, and receiving, mighty wallops on all sides.	Tough-guy epic
MURDER LOVES COMPANY *John Merserau* (Lippincott: $2.)	Treasure Island at Pacific coast fair scene of deaths by gat and poison gas. College prof. and girl reporter aid police.	Good background and well handled talk cover up deficiencies of yarn that has habit of rambling all over lot.	Average
NO MOURNERS PRESENT *F. G. Presnell* (Morrow: $2.)	John Webb, handy-fisted lawyer, out-slugs and outshoots vicious gangsters and solves slaying of mid-western contractor.	Plentiful action, exuberant conversation involving Webb's amusingly dumb wife, and finish that reveals benefits of classical education.	Good fun
THE PORTRAIT OF JIRJOHN COBB *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2.)	Three suspicious characters and Western Sheriff on flood-endangered islet swap strange stories. No deaths.	More coherent than most Keeler yarns, with customary flights of fantasy and climax that stagger credulity.	For Keeler fans
MURDER TIMES THREE *Amelia Reynolds Long* (Phoenix: $2.)	Returned explorer shot in Phila. apt. Slinky secretary later murdered. Investigator Trelawney leads cops to solution.	Plot basically sound but melodramatic fixins, including young Southerner with goshawful accent, make story pretty tough sledding.	Exasperating

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The New Books

Biography

PAULINE FREDERICK: ON AND OFF THE STAGE. By Muriel Elwood. Chicago: A. Kroch. 1940. 225 *pp.* $3.

A book at this time on Pauline Frederick cannot have the wide appeal it would have had about twenty years ago, when she was at the top of her fame; she had become a player of secondary importance in cast-lists by the time she died in 1938 at the age of fifty-five. Yet in spite of the shoddy writing—the prose style is reminiscent of the dull stretches between the lurid bits in photoplay magazines—this volume has a certain claim on the interests of those who follow the theater closely, and who remember the days of Pauline Frederick's ascendency. She was never a "great" actress; her outstanding success on both stage and screen was in that outstanding triumph of hokum, "Madame X." Miss Elwood fortunately does not claim too much for her on the acting side.

The personal portrait of Pauline Frederick, as presented here, makes her seem a little incredible: she appears as too perfect. Miss Elwood does a plausible job of rationalizing the five marriages. The picture that finally rises from the page is, owing to Miss Elwood's patient assembling of facts and in spite of her crude writing, the essential picture of the successful actress in any epoch—a woman beautiful in a stately way, intrinsically happy, considerate of younger talents, unconsciously a bit pompous, doomed to suffer many personal losses, and always generous.

H. T. M.

FRONTIER DOCTOR. By Urling C. Coe. Macmillan. 1940. 264 *pp.* $2.50.

A certain well-known weekly lists among its prayers for 1940 a plea for relief from doctors' autobiographies. And by the end of 1939 it did seem as if every manner of doctor had now told his story and that it was the turn for some other group—say firemen. Yet the year is hardly a month old and already to the reviewer's table comes another. This latest contributor is a true frontier practitioner.

Although Dr. Coe is still in his fifties, he has doctored sheep-men and cowboys, gamblers and camp prostitutes, traveled hundreds of miles on horseback to pull a tooth, sew up a bandit, or saw off the leg of a lumber-jack. It all sounds like the old West of the 70s. Yet all this happened after the present century was well on its way. In 1905 when Dr. Coe, a boy of twenty-three, went out to the great open spaces of Oregon and set up an office in Bend, Jim Hill had not yet extended his railroad that far, the lumber barons had not reached the great forests, and there still remained in the Northwest a frontier not the creation of Hollywood.

From the first there was plenty of practice for the young doctor. In spite of recurring typhoid epidemics and economic depression, the community throve, grew into a bustling little city with a hospital, nurses, and a health department. Dr. Coe grew with it, became a banker, and at last the town's mayor. He was obviously equipped with tremendous physical vitality, a hearty sense of humor, and plenty of horse sense, all of which he certainly needed for his varied tasks. If some of his stories almost threaten our credulity, we nevertheless will take his word for them. His style may have more breeziness than literary distinction, but he tells his story with full-flavored gusto, and it should appeal especially to all lovers of Westerns as well as to those who like to read of "cases."

M. S. U.

Fiction

THE ELEPHANT IS WHITE. By Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 278 *pp.* $2.50.

Here the White Russians in Paris—who in this book are always white elephants—get theirs as the Soviets got theirs in "Ninotchka." Unfortunately, the novel is neither as witty nor as amusing as the movie, nor does it offer a role worthy of Greta Garbo. Peter Pyke, son of an English hotel-king, blunders into a club of elegant émigrés, who spend incredible effort and ingenuity in avoiding work. He learns to love their easy ways, so foreign to the hotel business, their disdain of bourgeois morality, their at-

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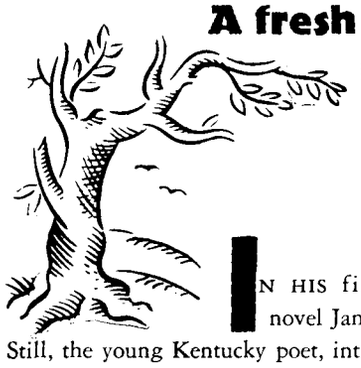

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The Viking Press $2.50

James Still's

RIVER of EARTH

Through the boy we come to know his vigorous and unforgettable kinfolk: Father, lean, hard, quick and delicate with a rifle, who preferred to burrow under the earth rather than to scratch its surface for a living; Mother, who went with Father from one grimy mining camp to another, but couldn't still her yearning for a little patch of green earth where the family could take root; Grandma, who laid a curse on her husband's killer and revealed at last the secret of her vengeance; Uncle Jolly, who set fire to the jail and earned a pardon for heroism in putting it out.

"Full of authentic poetry . . . fresh and lovely."—Robert Nathan

"A fresh vitality, a gift for living people and a mingling of beauty and reality."—Stephen Vincent Benet, *Herald Tribune*

"Will be compared with *The Yearling* . . . The comparison does honor to both writers."—Rose Feld, *N. Y. Times*

"He has produced a work of art."—*Time*

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titudes, and their fantasies; he loves them to the point of marrying one of them, which is equivalent to marrying all.

The authors squeeze out of the situation every possible variation upon the humor of debonair crookedness, but their book remains thin and monotonous. Its only belly-laughs are to be found in the exploits of the eleven-year old daughter of Peter's love, a cosmopolitan Little Lulu, who is not a bit less of a terror for having added Bollinger '21 to her tastes.

K. S.

TROUBLE FOR LUCIA. By E. F. Benson. Doubleday, Doran. 1939. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

It is probable that only in a Benson or Wodehouse novel would, or could, there occur such a social *contretemps* as a deeply-mourned budgereegar, stuffed and now used as a corsage, falling into a plate of soup. If it recalls Patsy Kelly's unmanageable monocle and her mad tea-party with Frank Fay at the late-lamented Palace, well, that only goes to show that a good gag seldom if ever dies. Mr. Benson's comic invention seemed to be wearing a little thin in "The Worshipful Lucia," the previous and fifth link in the Lucia-Mapp saga, but he is at the top of his form in this one, turning off some uncommonly deft, gay, and full-bodied farcical writing. Sharper and more feminine in his social satire than Mr. Wodehouse, he is on the side of Humphrey Pakington and Angela Thirkell (the Lord's benison be on *them*).

Like Rachmaninoff and Kreisler, Mr. Benson never needs to announce the items on his program when giving a Lucia recital. The faithful come running at the first intimation of the event on the billboards (hoardings, we should say). But you might like to know that Lucia, now Mayor of Tilling and referred to by her friends as Worship, appoints Elizabeth Mapp-Flint her Mayoress; Diva opens a tea room; and Major Benjy's tiger-hunting stick is chewed up by a dog and is mysteriously resurrected, intact.

Lucia actually drops a few tears from those beady eyes, but she is top dog, as usual, at the close. The book ends on an unresolved chord; a gratifying promise of more ructions to come.

E. F. W.

International

THE INSIDE STORY. By Members of the Overseas Press Club of America. Edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. Prentice-Hall. 1940. 263 *pp.* $2.75.

The idea of a collection of inside stories by veteran newspapermen has been tried often enough, but rarely with the success that the idea deserves. This present volume, appropriately entitled "The Inside Story," is an exception to the rule. Possibly a good deal of the credit is due to the circumstances that inspired the book, the same circumstances that brought together the journalists who contributed to the present work. The spontaneity and journalistic *bonhommie* that marked the founding of the Overseas Press Club is also reflected in these newspaper yarns, for inevitably every foreign correspondent has at least one hitherto unpublished account of the actual behind-the-scenes dramas that take place on the international stage.

In this book, Eugene Lyons presents another penetrating analysis of Stalin's counter-revolution, Morrill Cody gives the inside story on the attempt to bankrupt France a decade ago with a billion francs of counterfeit money, and Wythe Williams presents a revealing sketch of the Spanish-African adventure. There are a dozen and a half other interesting background sketches.

The book is not only good off-the-record journalism, but highly revealing reading as well.

J. H. S.

Poetry

LYRIC POEMS. By William Thomas Walsh. Kennedy. 1939. 139 *pp.* $1.50.

Of the many kinds of bad poetry, the most depressing is that whose smooth versification, stock imagery, and syrupy diction lull the incurious senses of the reader for whom poetry must be either a Beautiful Message (the "lift") or a Decoration. It does not occur to such a reader that a poetic image should bear analysis. When Dr. Walsh writes (or, as he would put it, "sings")

> *Yet now, though love lies dead upon his throne,*
> *I smile, and chafe my hands at his bright pyre,*
> *And cry, "The king is dead—long live the King!"*

he will not wonder what Board-of-Health-defying courtiers left the corpse lying in the throne-room, and not even upon a dais or carpet, but awkwardly sprawling upon the throne itself; nor will he ask himself what the pyre is consuming, unless, indeed, the throne and its burden have been carried outdoors for burning; instead, he will be happy with the general proposition: "I have escaped, I am happy to say, from the domination of physical love; I turn now to subject myself willingly to the Love of God." How did he get there? Never ask. Enough for him that the verses sound all right; the lines impose no mental strain. Dr. Walsh writes for him. "Lyric Poems" is a *cliché* extended for over a hundred pages, a thesaurus of age-tried sentimentalities, a corpus of luscious platitudes. There is not a line that offends the ear; there is not a line that challenges the mind. The magical silk hat turns, and the bunnies scamper.

D. F.

The most terrifying heroine that a master story-teller of strange crimes has yet discovered...

THEY called her Blanche Fury—the White Devil—because she loved her cousin, the disinherited Philip Strangeways. With him she planned the crimes that were to set them free, but discovered too late that there was no way to stop him from murdering the only other human being she ever cared for.

This story of a man and woman born to commit murder was suggested by a forgotten case in the criminal records of Victorian England. But Joseph Shearing has enhanced his novel of this horrible crime with an unforgettable portrait of a woman driven beyond bounds by her own warped ambition.

- "A fine, sinister, brooding book."—*Saturday Review.*
- "Lovers of the macabre should revel in it."—*N. Y. Times.*
- "Very fine, and evil as anything." — *The New Yorker.*

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

LEAVES OF GRASS in the Modern Library Giants ($1.25) was reduced by photography from the de luxe Grabhorn Press edition with Valenti Angelo's woodcuts ($100). Old Q., with his grimly realistic taste in bookmaking, finds the cheap reprint the more desirable of the two. ☞Our collection of Trade Literature (with a special eye to Envelope Stuffers) is getting on handsomely. Latest treasure, a tourist leaflet about the joys of Antibes and Juan-les-Pins, carefully produced in English by the persuasive French hotel men. "The climate," they cry, with a photo of some gorgeous bainsdemeristes, "is unsurpassed for those morally and physically under par." ☞Phil Duschnes was startled to receive an order from Pippapass, Kentucky. ☞For a first edition of Browning, we hope. ☞The Greystone Press offers $1,000 prize for the best novel written by anyone connected with the book trade (whether in publishing, bookselling, reviewing, library or agency work). Closing date June 15, address 40 E. 49, N. Y. C. ☞The judges will be Mildred Smith, Adolph Kroch, and Francis Ludlow. ☞The Dial Press Award for Teachers has been won by Sophia Engstrand of Chicago for her novel *Miss Munday.* ☞ The grammatical howler of last week was by Eleanor Roosevelt in *My Day*: "All our guests have been equally as attractive."

☞Dave Randall, of Scribner's Rare Books Dept., celebrated the recent convention of Baker Street Irregulars by showing in a Fifth Avenue window some of Vincent Starrett's remarkable collection of Holmes and Watson firsts. ☞This meeting was held to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Sherlock Holmes's first appearance in American ink (*Lippincott's Magazine,* February, 1890). ☞The first spring list of Duell, Sloan & Pearce is lively: it leads off with Erskine Caldwell's *Trouble in July* which has some savory character drawing. ☞This will be followed by novels from Martha Gellhorn and Conrad Aiken. ☞We seem to see the pizzicato hand of the old marster Don Roberto Hunt in the description of one of the DSP as "ept." ☞The most attractive Envelope Stuffer of the season comes from Raymond Lufkin, typographic designer, who has moved his "working space" to Wm. E. Rudge's Sons at 225 Varick Street.

☞We are always happy to know that a writer can do something besides write: for instance the exhibition of water colors by David McCord shown in Boston lately by Doll & Richards (138 Newbury Street). ☞Another very happy excursion from routine is an unpretentious volume written in spare time by Samuel Mason, Jr., who farms at Darlington, Maryland. His *Historical Sketches of Harford County* ($2.25, obtainable from the author) is a delightful study in local anthropology, written with wise humor and charmingly illustrated. It deals with a region of genuine simplicity which has not been whooped up—like some of New England—by litterateurs.

☞Our renewed inquiry as to the identity of Friswell brought us several interesting letters, and exact information from Percy Lawler of the Rosenbach Company (Philadelphia), Lewis Knapp of Colorado College, and Richard Sealock of the Pratt Library staff (Baltimore). Mr. Sealock reports:—

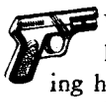
> According to the *Dictionary of National Biography,* James Hain Friswell was born May 8, 1825 and educated at Apsley School near Woburn, Bedfordshire, England. His best known work was *The Gentle Life* which became very popular and ran to upwards of twenty editions. He labored earnestly to reform cheap literature for boys, and his efforts were successful in repressing the circulation of some of the most notorious of the penny publications. The majority of his essays attained great popularity; but his novels did not possess the elements of enduring life. He died March 12, 1878.
>
> The biography by his daughter, Laura Hain Friswell (Mrs. Ambrose Myall) mentions at some length the book *The Gentle Life* which is a group of essays on the formation of character. This volume, originally published in 1864, sold in some 20,000 copies in the first four years. It was in its thirty-eighth edition in 1892.
>
> *The Gentle Life, second series,* was published in 1866 and it was in this volume that the quotation appeared.

☞Mr. Lawler adds that the quotation from Friswell to which we referred is printed also in Ireland's *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion.* ☞A cheerful soul who signs himself "Selected" wrote that maybe the almost forgotten Friswell was one of those whose aphorisms flourished only in a limited circle. "Selected" contributes an interesting comment:—

> Some years ago, I knew of a commercial organization in which the witty sayings of a partner that had been dead half a century were still quoted. Many of his expressions were used in transacting business and much of his phraseology was still retained in the communications, especially the inter-departmental letters. My knowledge of this man's wit was hearsay, but I am certain that the communication forms came directly from him. I once had occasion to enter an old record vault for papers pertaining to an old dispute. I saw many old letters of his which had been copied on tissue by the old method of damp-letter press. Until I started to write, I had not thought of this old fellow for possibly twenty years. I do not recall his name or the wit which was attributed to him. I used to hear several men, who were well over the three score and ten span of life, quote him, but I never intruded. I seem to have a vague memory of having heard that he served his commercial apprenticeship in a London counting-house in the precise and meticulous days of the Regent and crossed the Atlantic to gain fortune and power. Most of the men that came under his influence achieved fortune and were distinguished by the care and precision with which they transacted their affairs. The old Englishman's influence still survives and unacknowledged.
>
> Lands and shares and commodities have more appeal to me than learning and literature, I rather would have been Lord Bute, the First Lord of the Treasury that gave Johnson his pension, or Strahan the publisher or Thrale the brewer, than Johnson the lexicographer. It would be more interesting for me to go to Epsom than to the Club. I am of too independent a temperament to be a Boswell. I could not have been in a room with Doctor Johnson for five minutes without squabbling with him. I never willingly enter the same pasture with another stallion.

HOLT.HOLT.HOLT.HOLT.HOLT.HOLT.HOLT.HOLT.

"We don't care when —or whether— you come back."



With these words caressing his ears, and a gun caressing his ribs, Michael Shayne began the strangest auto ride of his career. Right then he took more than a financial interest in the mysterious murder of Harry Grange. In Miami, they ask a private dick to do the damnedest things. But when the detective in question is Mike Shayne, the things most always backfire, as in this roaring new story about him . . .

The Private Practice of Michael Shayne

By BRETT HALLIDAY
Author of "Dividend on Death"

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

covered by the passage quoted above. It also clearly underlies many criticisms of the other novelists Mr. Daiches considers—remarkably, in the following passage from one of the chapters on Joyce:

> The difference between Ruskin and Charles Morgan, between Flaubert and Joyce, is the measure of the decay of an economic system. In the nineteenth century the Liberal was constructive and powerful; in the twentieth he is futile and escapist. That, too, is the measure of the decay of a system. When the imminent breakdown of a civilization is all too apparent and recovery involves facing unpleasant facts and acting on them rather than simply improving things as they are, the mere man of good will cancels himself out with contradictory arguments, while if he happens to be an artist he takes the even simpler course of transforming himself into a lens—or, rather, of pretending that his eye is a lens, when it is really a very human eye—a little too human sometimes, very myopic, with dark glasses.

Would it be "misrepresenting" Mr. Daiches to question the taste of the final phrases of the foregoing? In spite of this and other reservations, we still think that "The Novel and the Modern World" is a very good book and well worth reading.

EDITOR.

Sidney Lanier

SIR:—The name of Sidney Lanier should be put into the Hall of Fame in 1940. And to bring this about, there are now in progress at least two large-scale movements. One is sponsored by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who unveiled a statue of the Southern poet in Charleston, S. C. in October. The other movement originates in the North—in New York, and is a petition movement that is national in scope. Several thousand signatures have already been obtained, asking the electors to place the name of Lanier in the Hall of Fame. Among those who are active on the signatures committee are: Joseph Auslander, John G. Neihardt, Dr. John C. French, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Mrs. John H. Hammond, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, A. M. Sullivan . . .

All who would like to aid in the work of obtaining signatures for the Hall of Fame petition will communicate with Loker Raley at 505 Fifth Avenue.

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THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT.
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			1-U	2-W	3-N	4-A	5-K		6-X	7-H	8-B		9-B		10-U	11-S	12-V	
13-P	14-O	15-Q	16-T		17-R	18-J		19-I	20-H	21-K		22-O	23-R	24-W	25-S	26-B	27-X	
	28-P	29-D	30-Y	31-R	32-X	33-K		34-Q	35-T	36-Z	37-N	38-Y	39-P	40-F		41-I	42-N	
43-Z	44-P	45-R	46-X	47-T	48-C	49-S	50-H	51-V		52-W	53-Q	54-O	55-S	56-C	57-U	58-A		
59-R	60-D	61-A	62-F		63-D	64-A		65-E	66-H	67-M		68-Z	69-G	70-T	71-F	72-L	73-Q	
	74-I	75-T	76-J	77-B	78-W		79-S	80-M	81-H	82-Z	83-P	84-W	85-U	86-C		87-P	88-R	
89-L	90-M	91-V	92-Y		93-F	94-A	95-L		96-G	97-K	98-O	99-W	100-Y	101-A		102-U	103-C	
104-Y	105-V	106-F	107-J	108-E	109-G		110-F	111-D	112-H		113-B	114-U	115-N	116-Z	117-A	118-E	119-X	
120-J	121-S		122-Z	123-V	124-L	125-W	126-R	127-J	128-E		129-H	130-I		131-B	132-W	133-P	134-C	
135-I	136-Q	137-F		138-R	139-I	140-J		141-O	142-U	143-J	144-X	145-P	146-N		147-G	148-A	149-F	
	150-Q	151-X	152-N	153-I	154-W	155-G	156-F	157-E	158-V		159-W	160-H	161-X	162-T	163-R		164-N	
165-J	166-A	167-X	168-G		169-Y	170-M	171-O	172-S	173-C	174-T	175-R		176-N	177-M	178-L	179-D	180-G	
	181-S	182-U	183-C	184-Z	185-O	186-A	187-J	188-Q		189-B	190-R							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Church Father (347-407).

B. Famous consort of Pericles.

C. Edits.

D. Lamentation (Gr. myth.)

E. Small members of the Merginae.

F. Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney.

G. Daughter of Night and Vengeance.

H. Florentine sculptor (1422-97).

I. Braggart; culmination (slang).

J. Releases.

K. Incise, as a line.

L. Coupled, paired (Arch.)

M. Chief deity of the Assyrian Pantheon.

N. Muddled with drunkenness.

O. Entertains agreeably.

P. Avoiding.

Q. English "ship money" patriot.

R. Cemented together.

S. Middle-western State.

T. Pertaining to Sappho's isle.

U. Boundless.

V. Pokes or jogs gently.

W. Poem by Coleridge.

X. Suggest faintly or obscurely.

Y. Mollusk on rocks and timbers.

Z. Novelty.

WORDS

58 94 4 117 61 148 101 64 166 186

9 26 131 113 8 189 77

48 173 183 103 86 56 134

60 63 111 29 179

128 118 157 65 108

110 137 93 149 62 71 156 40 106

147 168 96 180 155 69 109

112 7 160 20 81 66 50 129

41 153 135 19 139 130 74

120 76 18 107 140 165 187 127 143

33 97 21 5

89 95 124 178 72

80 67 177 90 170

152 3 37 115 164 176 42 146

14 171 22 54 141 185 98

87 28 13 133 83 44 39 145

53 15 34 150 188 73 136

23 31 163 45 88 190 17 138 59 175 126

79 25 121 172 55 11 181 49

16 47 70 174 75 35 162

142 102 10 57 114 85 1 182

12 123 158 51 105 91

52 2 24 154 99 84 159 125 132 78

119 151 144 167 27 32 46 161 6

30 38 104 169 100 92

122 82 43 116 184 36 68

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SANDBURG'S LINCOLN

CARL SANDBURG, too, belongs to the ages. His Lincoln books will be wanted as long as Lincoln is wanted by people who want to know and remember.

To describe or summarize the Lincoln books presents the same problem Sandburg encountered in undertaking to describe and summarize Lincoln's life. You can't put so much experience through any funnel or filter and say: "Here it is!"

Monumental as they are, they represent severe economy. Lincoln's printed speeches and writings alone represent 1,078,365 words, more words than Shakespeare's complete works, many more words than are found in the Bible including the Apocrypha. And the context in which Lincoln occurred means forests of newsprint, tons of ink, embracing fabulous love and spewings of hate. That Sandburg could digest these enormous masses of raw material, and tell the essential story as briefly as he does is remarkable. The photographs in the books are excellent, many now printed for the first time.

No Boswell was ever born to the job that Sandburg was born to do for Lincoln. The books are at once a record and a transfusion of experience, with Sandburg, of all Americans, endowed with the continuity of sense and understanding of the inner Lincoln so necessary for illuminating the outer events of his life and time. It is not being mystical to say this. The Lincoln books are objective history, written by a poet.

Sandburg is a great historian because he is a great artist. The method of the artist has to be a selective method, and the method of the historian has to be a selective method. "Supposing all could be told," says Sandburg, "it would take a far longer time to tell it than was taken to act it in life." We can only know history by what the historian elects to include and omit. Sandburg's intuition for Lincoln makes you feel that the inclusions and omissions are the right ones. To find this intuition in a man to whom every fact is sacred is most fortunate.

If you know Sandburg only by those aspects of his poetry which seem careless, rhapsodic, rough-and-tumble (which, incidentally, are not the essence of his poetry at all beyond their reflection of the essence of America in process), you will find no careless treatment of the facts of Lincoln. No scientist could work with a harder-hitting discipline. He walks all around a fact to be sure it's true, or as true as it can be.

Where a lesser poet would be beguiled by the myth-making process which so readily attaches to the name of Lincoln, Sandburg has astonishing control. If, because of Sandburg, Lincoln becomes a more legendary character, a more mythical character, it will be because myth and legend are inherent in the very facts, the very orders of life with which Sandburg, the factual reporter, is concerned. The facts of the Gettysburg address, for example, make the legend inevitable. There is nothing cosmetic in Sandburg's attitude.

It is not my purpose to try to tell you what is in the Lincoln books. The war years and death follow the prairie years, the beginning. They are books to make you laugh, and wonder, and sorrow, and understand. Sandburg deserves the Nobel prize for literature, yet it would be more appropriate to give him the peace prize for showing how war works, on its old terms, on its contemporary terms. There is a great cost behind these books, the kind of cost Thoreau described as the measure of actual life that goes into a thing. Lincoln's tragedy was the tragedy of the people themselves. Millions of American lives went into these books. And much of Sandburg's.

Sandburg wrote in 1926: "For thirty years I have planned to make a certain portrait of Abraham Lincoln." They were hard years, going back to the 90's. Colorado knew some of them: Sandburg riding the blind-baggage over Hagerman pass and choking in the smoky tunnel; bumming into Denver; sneaking to bed in some carpenter shavings in a roofless new house on the highlands on the North Side of the Platte; getting a job washing dishes on Larimer Street. Many states knew him the same way; the strange wandering Swede with the bright eyes and the voice you couldn't forget; a fellow who'd agree with you up to a certain point, then show you a dozen equally true things you hadn't thought of. They were anxious years. The Lincoln books seemed too far ahead; too much to know; too much to do. Coming up from Colorado Springs a few winters ago it seemed as if "The War Years" could not be finished. Huddled in his overcoat, eating aspirin, stopping for coffee in Palmer Lake, he was overcast. "I begin to see the sunset," he said. But today, at 61, with this magnificent work behind him, he's a sunrise man—and the high honor America is paying him is only a first installment.

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THE WAR YEARS

Reprinted here is Thomas Hornsby Ferril's piece as it appeared in one of the oldest weekly papers in the U. S.—The Rocky Mountain Herald, Denver, Colorado.

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